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MEMORY SKETCHES.

Thy loving
Mother

Through Grace to Glory.

MEMORY SKETCHES

FROM THE LIFE OF

HARRIET STEER.

"ONLY A SINNER, SAVED BY GRACE."—*H. S.*

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE WITH THY LIKENESS."—*David.*

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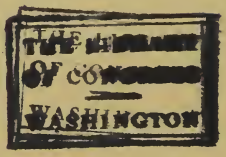

Dedication.

TO

THE "SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,"

OF WHICH

HARRIET STEER

WAS A BELOVED MEMBER AND A FAITHFUL MINISTER:

TO

HER LITTLE NAMESAKE,

HARRIET STEER HOWELL:

TO

ALL WHO ONCE CALLED HER HOUSE "HOME:"

AND TO

HER PRECIOUS MEMORY,

WHO HAS ENTERED, "THROUGH GRACE, INTO GLORY,"

THERE TO CHANGE HER PRAYERS

TO ETERNAL PRAISES,

This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HER DAUGHTER.

"Thy business on earth was to watch over and pray for us; and so faithfully, so fervently was it done, that the blessing of thine intercessions is not yet exhausted, but, like a dew from God, will drop down upon us as long as we live."

— Tholuck.

PREFACE.

AS I linger in thought about the sacred name of "Mother," memory's rapid survey of the scenes of childhood's sunny days leads me with tearful eye and emptied heart to exclaim, "*What a mother!*" The "Memory Sketches" are written in prayerful hope that she who was during her lifetime a blessing to two generations may yet live in memory, so that her influence shall descend in benediction upon generations to come. They are also written as a tribute of gratitude to God for the gift, through so many years, of *such a mother*. I would thus lay upon her tomb these fadeless flowers of memory, all fragrant with the "summer of her living love," asking those who read to unite their prayers with mine that her Saviour may be honored, and that the name of her God, who led her all the way "through grace to glory," may be magnified in their lives as they unitedly join in the acclaim,—

"Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

The subject is worthy an abler pen than mine, and a more perfect history of a strong, sweet life consecrated to humanity and to God.

"But, Master, take the tiny stones that I have brought:
Set each one by Thy Masterhand of Grace,
Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in Thy temple pavement give it place."

S. R. S.

"Not changed, but glorified!" Oh! beauteous language
For those who weep,
Mourning the loss of some dear face departed,—
Fallen asleep:
Hushed into silence—never more to comfort
The hearts of men;
Gone, like the sunshine of another country,
Beyond our ken.

O dearest dead! we saw thy white soul shining
Behind the face
Bright with the beauty and celestial glory
Of an immortal grace.
What wonder that we stumble, faint and weeping,
And sick with fears,
Since thou hast left us, all alone with sorrow,
And blind with tears!

Can it be possible no words shall welcome
Our coming feet?
How will it look, that face that we have cherished,
When next we meet?
Will it be changed, so glorified and saintly,
That we shall know it not?
Will there be nothing that shall say "I love thee," and
"I have not forgot"?

O faithless heart! the same loved face, transfigured,
Shall meet thee there,
Less sad, less wistful, in immortal beauty,
Divinely fair.
The mortal veil, washed pure with many weepings,
Is rent away;
And the great soul that sat within its prison
Hath found the day.

In the clear morning of that other country,—
In Paradise,—
With the same face that we have loved and cherished
She shall arise!
Let us be patient, we who mourn, with weeping,
Some vanished face:
The Lord has taken,—but to add more beauty
And a diviner grace.

And we shall find once more beyond earth's sorrows,
Beyond these skies,
In the fair city of the "sure foundations,"
Those heavenly eyes,
With the same welcome shining through their sweetness
That met us here,—
Eyes from whose beauty God has banished weeping,
And wiped away the tear.

Think of us, dearest one, while o'er life's waters
We seek the land,
Missing thy voice, thy touch, and the true helping
Of thy pure hand,—
Till, through the storm and tempest, safely anchored
Just on the other side,
We find thy dear face, looking through death's shadows,
"Not changed, but glorified."

"There shall be no night there."

—*St. John.*

Memory Sketches.

DOE RUN is the name of a quiet, unobtrusive manufacturing village, situated on a little stream bearing the same name. It flows through a picturesque part of the country, and empties its unpretending contribution into the Brandywine, thus increasing the flow of that historic river as it winds in and out between the fern-clad hills of Chester county, Pennsylvania. This quiet valley was the birthplace of the dear one whose life these sketches are designed to commemorate. She was born in the evening twilight of the eighteenth century, 8th mo., 20, 1795, being the third child of Enoch and Hannah Harlan. She possessed a buoyant temperament, an active mind and hand, and, being one of the oldest of twelve children, was a great helper to her mother in the increasing cares of a growing family. Thus was she early trained in the discipline of service for others, which afterwards comprised so large a part of her busy, active life.

Her mother was firm, almost to sternness; and from her, in a measure, was inherited the steadfastness which marked the character of my mother, and gave her an unflinching loyalty to principle that was manifest in all the decisions which, in her future life, she was called upon to make. She had nine brothers and two sisters, one of the latter dying in infancy, and while my mother was but a child. The other sister was Rebecca Hayes, who was eighteen years younger, and greatly beloved and cherished by her. This sister preceded my mother, by a few years only, to the heavenly home. Truly can it be said of them, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

> "Why do we call them lost?—
> They are within the door that shuts out loss,
> And every hurtful thing!"

During the years of my mother's early childhood her parents were not members of any religious society, but were most worthy examples of honest integrity, and were highly respected in the community as intelligent and useful citizens. The fact that her father and mother were non-professors of religion increases our wonder that the subject of these sketches should have

felt condemnation for sin at so early an age. In very tender years she was burdened on account of sin, and, as she expressed it afterwards, was greatly concerned for the salvation of her soul, which she realized was immortal, and must spend an eternity either in a state of bliss or woe. A child of but six years to bear this sense of sin was remarkable, but she was very mature, and of an intense nature; and these early convictions were impressed upon her mind by the marginal readings in the old-fashioned spelling-book from which she conned her daily lessons, reading fluently at this early age. These marginal readings were scripture texts, which she, in after life, believed to have been impressed upon her young heart by the vitalizing power of the Holy Spirit. They were as follows: "Thou God seest me;" "My son, do no sin;" "Go not in the way of bad men;" "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good;" "The darkness hideth not from God,"—and other passages of similar import, which, to her quickened conscience and vivid imagination, were really fearful and alarming. Thus she grew in years and "increasing responsibility," as she expressed it. She would often urge her parents to go to Friends' Meeting, which was near the school she attended: this they sometimes

did, and gradually became somewhat interested in the quiet service there. About this time she was much impressed by the earnest preaching of a Friend named William Savory, who visited the neighborhood; and her heart's desire seemed to be, above all earthly things, to know the way of the Lord more perfectly. She has often, in her later years, been heard to say that she at that time just longed for some Christian minister, or some devoted servant of God, to take her by the hand, and speak words of sympathy and guidance to her, as she felt herself to be literally groping in darkness. The following simple little poem, which she found many years afterwards, and carefully preserved, as expressing so fully just what her young heart was yearning for at that time, is inserted here, with the hope that it may lead some who read it to be more thoughtful and faithful towards the little ones, who often thus long for helpful words of guidance and cheer:

"A Little Lamb Astray."

"Oh! I wonder, if there ever
Was a little girl like me,
With so many, many heart-aches
That nobody seems to see!

"Oft I've heard the great, wise preachers,
And the deacons, good and kind,
Tell about the way to heaven,
And how easy 'tis to find.

"And I've thought and thought upon it,
For I long to know the way;
But I'm such an awful sinner
That I am afraid to pray.

"Now, I wish they'd come and tell me
How their Jesus I could seek;
For they say He loves the children,
And will guide their tender feet

"Into pastures green and pleasant,
And by waters calm and still,—
Make them gems of brilliant beauty
Their Redeemer's crown to fill.

"But 'twas just the other Sunday,
When our pastor preached so good,
That I thought he saw me listening,
And would stop, and speak a word;

"But he only said 'Good morning!'
And the usual 'Are you well?'
Though I pressed the hand he gave me,
Hoping thus my grief to tell.

"Then I stole away in secret,
And I cried so very long,
That mamma was greatly troubled,
For she feared I had done wrong.

"And at night she tucked me snugly
In my little trundle-bed;
And so softly pressed the tear-stains
In a loving kiss,—but said

"Not a word about her Jesus
I was hungering so to know:
Oh! my poor, poor heart seemed breaking,
For I longed to find Him so.

"I have tried so hard to find Him,
But I do not know the way;
And nobody seems to notice
There's a little lamb astray.

"Does Jesus care, I wonder,
If I never find His fold?
I'm almost sure I love Him,
Though I'm not so very old.

"I should think the grown-up people
Would so love to speak His name,
When He did so much to bring them
To the home from which He came!

"And when I'm a Christian mamma,
I will tell my little girl
Just the way to come to Jesus—
How to find the priceless Pearl:

"Then I'll tell the dear good pastors
Who all know the way so well,
To stop the little children
And the sweet old story tell."

Though my mother was converted at a very early age, yet she did not come to the full consciousness of what it was to be a child of God—to the blessed "assurance of faith" for which her earnest soul yearned—until she was nearly fourteen years old. At that time, through solemn and faithful preaching of a full and free salvation through Christ—accompanied with the power of the Holy Spirit—in a meeting of Friends, at Fallow Field, Chester county, Pa., her soul was set free, and translated into the glorious kingdom of the Son of God;—the Sun of Righteousness arising in her soul, all the darkness was dispelled, and she rejoiced in the knowledge that the Light was Jesus. As nearly as can be recalled by memory, she thus described her feelings: "Oh! as I came out of that meeting, it seemed to me as if the whole face of nature had been changed since I had gone into it. It was a

new world to me, and I was a new creature. Everything was rejoicing: the very leaves on the trees, as they glistened in the sunlight, were singing praises to the God I adored, as my Father in heaven; the stones along the road-side glittered in beauty; a halo, as if reflected from my happy heart, rested on all that my eyes beheld; and I could only in the gladness of my redeemed soul say continually, 'Praise the Lord, praise the Lord for His wonderful goodness to me, only a sinner saved by grace—saved by grace.'" Near this time, her parents became seriously interested in attending Friends' Meetings; and when my mother was about fifteen years old, they requested to be received into membership with Friends, and also desired membership for their children. This was a source of heavenly joy to her who had so long been seeking the light, and desiring the spiritual uplifting of true and constant Christian fellowship.

Her life from this time seemed to flow on in the quiet service peculiar to the society into which she had entered with such heartsome gladness. As the years advanced she found herself increasingly surrounded by the stern realities of life; but its commonest duties were now more and more transformed into her truest pleasures.

"The Master came and touched her heart,
And lit up all her life with radiance new,"

so that the joyous, happy-hearted girl was not only the stay and support of her mother, but the light and inspiration of all about her,—the mainspring of action in that busy, happy household,—shining where most needed—in the centre of the home circle.

Some years after this great change in the religious surroundings of his family, her father emigrated to the "Far West," as Ohio was then considered. The journey was a novel one, made in wagons, and other families accompanying them, and (as related in after conversations) must have been very full of interesting incident to the wide-awake, appreciative, and fun-loving girls who together made that journey.

My grandparents settled fourteen miles up the river from Zanesville, Muskingum county: and now began the struggles and hardships of pioneer life, which rested somewhat heavily upon this only daughter of the family. But she was in perfect health of body, possessed a mind full of the practicalities of life, and an elasticity of spirit which carried her safely over many a mountain of difficulty, and enabled her to double many a cape of danger, many a promontory of peril, which a less brave, less sanguine temperament

would consider as impassable, and not to be attempted. Thus her buoyant nature, like a glad sea vessel, sailed happily on over the deeps of God's love to her,—the while His voice within her heart had given her soul sea-room; and, unfurling the sails of her new-found joy in Him, she gladly obeyed the blessed command that she should "Make the land of Life."

At this time a change occurred in the routine of her life. An opportunity which she had long sought was opened to her. She had a great desire to gain a more extended education than she had been able to secure in the limited opportunities which were afforded her in Pennsylvania. An intimate friend of her family, engaged in teaching school at Mount Pleasant, Jefferson county, Ohio, some sixty miles distant, offered her a position where she could be at once both teacher and student. She gladly accepted the situation, and entered his family as a boarder. Here she was introduced into a charming circle of younger as well as older friends, to whom she became ardently attached. She threw all the powers of her vigorous mind into the coveted pleasure of acquiring knowledge, spent certain hours in study and recitation, assisted Jesse Gause in his school, and also found time for the delightful

association with the young people whom she met in his family and elsewhere, as she became more extensively acquainted. She was a favorite with all classes; but, true to her principles as the needle to the pole, she became at once the attraction of the circle of young Friends, and the guide and inspiration of their minds into deeper religious channels, into nobler avenues of thought, and to higher aims in life.

And now events of a peculiar interest began to foreshadow the future of this dear one's history. It was during her stay in Mount Pleasant, and while forming other delightful associations, that she met him who was to become her husband. Samuel Steer was the son of Joseph and Grace Lupton Steer, who resided at that time in Mount Pleasant. This acquaintance soon ripened into more intimate relations, and an early engagement of marriage was the result. In consequence of the sudden death of Grace Steer, the anticipated marriage was consummated much sooner than had been planned by the happy couple. It was decided that they should, as soon as possible, arrange to occupy the home saddened by death. Thus at her marriage my mother was brought into a position of great responsibility and perplexing care. But her elastic, happy nature acknowledged no difficulties,

shrank from no trial, but sprang to the emergencies before her with a strength and an ardor becoming a noble, self-forgetting woman, who anticipated no defeats; and with the inspiration of a new enthusiasm she entered the untried sphere of action.

It was mid-winter when she, with her future husband and accompanying friends, started on horseback to travel fifty miles to the nearest Meeting of Friends. They reached their journey's end at last, and were married at Barnesville, Ohio, the day after Christmas. Of course they were united by "Friends' marriage ceremony"—the most beautiful and appropriate form of marriage in the world of then, or now—where, in a meeting of the religious Society of Friends, met for worship, the bride and groom elect arose to their feet, and, taking each other by the hand, the groom spoke first, declaring as follows: "In the presence of the Lord and this assembly, I, Samuel Steer, do take thee, Harriet Harlan, to be my wife; promising, through Divine assistance, to be unto thee a faithful and affectionate husband until *death* shall separate us." And then the bride: "In the presence of the Lord and this assembly, I, Harriet Harlan, do take thee, Samuel Steer, to be my husband; promising, through Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful wife

until *death* shall separate us." This union was one of almost perfect happiness. Her religious life was constantly invigorated by the hallowed and hallowing influences which surrounded them in their mutual love,—

> "For they had pitched their tent with faith-lit eyes,
> One window opening toward Paradise."

My mother's first home, as wife, was in Mount Pleasant, where Joseph Steer then resided. A few years later they removed to his farm, about three miles from the village. Here my mother spent some of the happiest, saddest days of her life; for it was here that her health, which had hitherto been almost perfect, received a shock from which she never fully recovered. This was in consequence of having moved into a freshly plastered stone house,—which abrupt transfer was made because a sudden storm struck the little log-cabin which had been their happy, consecrated home since coming to the farm, and unroofed it, thus hastening the occupancy of the new house. It proved a sad move to them. The cherished wife took cold, was attacked with pleurisy, and carried down, down, almost to the gate of death. She was graciously spared, however; and, beginning to recover, was at-

tacked with another form of disease known as acute neuralgia, affecting the nerves of the head and face. From the agonizing pain of this disease she was never entirely free for nine consecutive years. Through all this long period of severe suffering she was sustained by the loving care of a most devoted husband, and by that grace which led her all the way to glory. The writer well remembers some of these early years of suffering and pain: how cheerful she was, how thoughtful for others, how uncomplainingly it was all borne. For weeks and months together no loud word was spoken in the home; and so careful and assiduous were the attentions of her husband, that all the wood which was burned upon the hearth in that sick-room was first charred in another, that the crackling noise of fresh wood burning might not add to her suffering, as even the slightest noise did. He also caused to be made, and worn in the house, cloth slippers;—even the little ones, of whom there were two pattering about, had to wear the noiseless slippers. Everything was done which the most ardent affection could devise, accompanied by the best medical skill which the time and place could afford. The physicians seeming completely baffled in their efforts to reach the causes of the disease, and after my mother

had endured untold suffering from both disease and remedies, my father determined to try change of climate and travel for her. So, in their own private conveyance, they set off for her native state, travelling by easy stages, and as the beloved invalid could bear it. To his deep joy, my father found that she improved a little, and was able to bear more travel each day. They had often to stop, however, when the paroxysms were too severe to journey on. I have often heard my mother refer to this journey with grateful joy, as she recounted the mercies by the way, the joyous ministrations of her husband, who was literally never weary or discouraged; and then, too, the faithful upholding of her covenant-keeping God, who was the stay and support of both while thus passing "under the rod" which was to mark them as His own. This discipline of pain and sorrow was wondrously blessed to both, and fitted them for the deeper baptisms which were to follow.

When they reached her old home they found themselves among friends, who advised them to consult a physician of note at Lancaster, Penn., Dr. Burrows. Accordingly they proceeded on their journey thither, and were as tenderly received by strangers as if they had been their own kindred. Thus they went for-

ward, "not knowing;" but with her strong grasp of faith my mother believed that the Lord was truly leading them. Dr. Burrows took the case in hand, and mother remained there under treatment for several months, experiencing much benefit. At the end of that period she felt she must retrace her steps, and join the little ones whom they had left to the care of kind neighbors near Mt. Pleasant. Their return journey was made with less difficulty, and in a shorter time, as the invalid was so much better that she could bear more continued and also more rapid travel.

My parents were received most joyously and gratefully by friends and neighbors. They found the children well, having been most faithfully cared for. They were too young to remember father and mother distinctly, and to the tender inquiry of the latter, as she asked the elder of the two, "Don't thee know thy mother? I am thy mother!" Elizabeth looked searchingly and half believingly into the waiting face before her, and then said, in childlike simplicity, "I know that my mother sent me these little red shoes, but I don't know that thee is my mother!" When mother told her she had sent the shoes, the child believed, and was happy.

They now left the farm and were again located in

the town, where they were surrounded by all their friends, who could thus do much to add to their enjoyment and comfort. The following years were full of pain and suffering, though greatly mitigated by the treatment of her physician at Lancaster, which treatment was pursued as far as possible in her own quiet home, where she faithfully performed the duties of life, which never seemed to weary or discourage her, as she was enduring so patiently the trial of her faith and "perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." She never gave up work and the care of her family: these years brought in their train anxiety and sorrow. Her own dear father died at his home near Zanesville, which was a deep personal grief to her; and her widowed mother and sorrow-stricken young sister came to visit my mother, and together they mingled their sorrows and sympathies, their tears and their prayers, which is ever so sweet a solace to all who mourn. Another source of trouble at this time was that the Society of Friends, to the principles of which she was so closely bound, was passing through deep trial and testing, into which my mother entered with all her soul, but was never swerved for a moment from her allegiance to the religious principles which she knew her beloved society held. She was at this

time most lovingly associated with and greatly upheld by Jonathan and Ann Taylor, David and Rebecca Updegraff, and others more experienced than herself, with whom she walked the tribulated path, and together they battled with the great waves of doubt and infidelity which at that time threatened the peace and purity of the beloved society. Thus was her soul linked to theirs in a harmony of brotherly love which no after separation by time or distance had power to change. It was a sanctified Christian fellowship, which, even in this changing world, changes not.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

After a few short years had passed, circumstances led to a removal from the scenes and the dear friends to whom their hearts had been united in a love which was to bind them for time and in eternity. But the sustaining thought that nothing could separate them from the all-compassionate love of Jesus upheld them, and they went gladly on their way, feeling that as heretofore, so now they were being led, though they knew not whither. They seemed to feel the inspiration of these lines of Whittier,—

"We know not when His fronded palms
May lift themselves in air;—
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond God's love and care."

And they also rejoiced that they had each other, their motto seeming to be,—"Each for the other, and both for God."

It must have been in the spring of 1833, when with their two little girls they started for the city of Cincinnati. In referring to the trials which she was to meet in this new home, my mother has often been heard to say that it was a most gracious hand which hid them from her view.

"When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand shades our eyes;
The other leads us safe and slow—
Oh! love of God most wise!"

Their associations in their new home were of the pleasantest kind, although they were indeed threading a straitened pathway. Dr. William Judkins, whose wife was my father's sister, had, with his family, preceded them to the city of Cincinnati, and they, together with a delightful circle of friends, made their coming and the passing years very joyous. Such names as Mary Anthony, William and Phebe Shipley, Ann Shipley, Ephraim and Charlotte Morgan, Caleb and

Mary Taylor, Mercy Mitchell, William and Jane Crossman, Elijah and Naomi Coffin, Rebekah Gest, Joseph and Eliza Bonsall, Ezra and Elizabeth Baily, and others of like precious memory, were their living examples then. These worthies are nearly all in glory now. But though their coming among the dear people here seemed auspicious, yet unseen clouds were even then gathering, and coming events were casting their shadows on this dear mother's sunny pathway. The change of climate which she experienced in her removal to this city had improved *her* health so that the long pain was nearly gone, yet she saw and felt the forebodings of a coming sorrow in the declining health of the dearest object in life to her. No one but the Master knows the deep baptisms of her soul as she ventured to look this dreaded sorrow in the face, and to plead with deep anguish of heart that it might be averted. She made a renewed consecration of herself. She yielded up all—her *own* life, if He would accept it; her children; everything *in* life; everything except *her husband*. She has often said that in all her efforts at perfect acquiescence in the divine will, she still kept her hand upon this idol of her heart, and would plead in broken accents,—"Oh! not my husband; spare my husband!" The Lord pa-

tiently waited, the while "He was preparing her for that which He was preparing for her." Meantime He gave her many joys and fireside pleasures,—sweet Christian fellowship with her husband, and the relatives and friends, with whom they mingled in loving, social joy, and the still closer bond of sympathy which united them in the same religious society with which they worshipped, as they took sweet counsel together and "walked to the house of God in company." Thus nearly five peaceful years were passed. About this time my aunt, Rachel Judkins, whose health had been gradually failing, was quietly taken from earth to heaven, her last words being, "Be still, and know that I am God." She left a mourning family, and among them a tender babe, to whom all hearts turned; and my mother took this little nursling to her heart, and for a time was as a mother to her. This dear one has reached the years of womanly grace, and, as "Auntie" was the first word her infant lips learned to lisp, could she now be consulted she would doubtless say there were few dearer names on earth than that of "Aunt Harriet." This family affliction was keenly felt by my father and mother, and, as a common sorrow always does, it drew them nearer together. The grief-stricken household turned to my mother for

human comfort and guidance; and she was indeed as a mother to them. The only son of the family—then not fully grown to manhood's years—became Dr. David Judkins, whom she in after years delighted to remember as her "beloved physician;" and most faithfully and lovingly did he minister to her as long as she lived.

The sorrow which my mother had dreaded, and from which her human heart tremblingly recoiled, was not longer to be averted. At last it fell with its crushing weight, when my father, who had been seriously ill but two days, rapidly sank away, and, on the evening of 3rd mo., 23rd, 1838, peacefully breathed his life out. He had the glorious hope of a blessed immortality through a crucified but risen Saviour. His last words were, "Nothing in my way: all is peace."

> "With silence only as their benediction
> God's angels come;
> When in the shadow of a great affliction
> The soul sits dumb."

And truly did her soul sit thus. To the sick heart of the stricken widow came a sense of utter desolation as regarded earthly prospects;—but by the all-sustaining power of grace alone was she upheld, and led to see at once that duty to her children, to her home, and

to her covenant-keeping God called upon her for a cheerful submission;—yea, more,—for a chastened resignation to the Heavenly Father's will. My mother at that trying time wondrously manifested the power of faith, realizing that the everlasting arms were underneath her, the while she felt that though

> "She had hard, rugged steeps to travel over,
> Yet He, His faithful ones Who ever keeps
> Safe under cover,
> Shook down upon her, from their silver lining,
> The healing of His wings above her shining."

So sustained was she that she wondered at herself, and her friends wondered. Not that she did not grieve;—no, indeed,—far from that. The writer well remembers the children's dread of the return of the first day of the week,—the agony, the tears, the sobbing prayers,—when she would go in secret to pour out her grief in the ear of God alone, as she thought: but her children were not far off, and were often found by her in the next room, weeping bitterly; and she would dry her tears to comfort the young hearts that looked to her for joy. My mother has often said that it was a mercy she was at this time obliged to work; that had she been left with a competence she must have been overwhelmed, and could not have breasted

this great wave of sorrow. It was a comfort and a strength to her at this hour of her severest trial to have with her a dear brother, who had only a short time before become a member of her family. He took the vacant seat at the home board, which place he occupied until his recent death, a period of nearly forty years.

Here again appears in living reality the power of grace divine, still guiding her over the dark ways and the doubtful windings of the untried path she was now entering, and in which she must learn to walk with the firm tread of one who really trusted in Him who had promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Her faith seemed never to falter; and her public ministry, which had been tremblingly begun and most timidly and hesitatingly performed, now, chastened as she was by suffering and sanctified by affliction, was more earnestly entered upon and more faithfully maintained than ever before. But her sorrows had only begun, and seemed to increase as she took a survey of her worldly prospects. She was left with but *seven dollars* in the world, two children, and no home of her own,—the first act of her landlord, when he heard of her widowhood, being to increase the rent of the house in which she lived.

These things seemed all against her, and these were testing times to her soul. Yet with characteristic bravery linked to her practical ideas, together with her sanctified common-sense, she simply took God at His word, fully accepted His promises to the widow and the fatherless, and set herself in earnest to the task of earning for herself and her children an honest livelihood. In this effort she made them useful. She was far too wise and too faithful a mother to allow them to grow up in idleness while she toiled on alone ;— no, she taught them not only to work, but to love it, and led them to share with her the common burden. She possessed the marvellous power of glorifying the commonest service,—throwing a halo of love, as it were, over all life's duties ; and work with mother, or work for mother, was to them the utmost delight : it was their greatest joy, their deepest, truest happiness. And so, when friends wisely counselled my mother to try taking a few boarders, she did so ; and for several years she had no assistance of any kind except such as her daughters could give. This was the beginning of her thirty years struggle in the cares and annoyances, the toils and the recompenses, of a large boarding-house, whose enclosure became to many a young man in after years a sanctuary almost

like the sacred walls of his own home; and in this home, with all her duties, she yet found time to act the part and to perform some of the holy offices of the mother to many a homesick heart.

Among her early boarders was a young nephew, and from his lips the others caught the tender name; and her loved and honored title became that of "Aunt Harriet" to all who followed as members of her family. Even persons much older than herself would thus address her. In this home she conscientiously carried out her convictions as to what a true Christian home should be, especially to young men with unformed principles, separated from their own pure homes, and surrounded by temptations so alluring as are to be found in a large city like Cincinnati. She allowed no foolish or otherwise hurtful book to lie upon her parlor table: no pernicious novel was permitted a place. If such a book was ever left there, she took care that it should end its mission of mischief soon: it was not seen again by its owner or any one. She candidly informed her boarders that such stray volumes would receive summary discipline at her hands, and that inquiry for them would be useless. She often said, when being remonstrated with by some unfortunate owner of a stray book, "I am

sorry, but I told thee the consequences if such book were found; and no young man under the protection of my roof, who spends his few leisure moments in my parlor, shall be in danger of having his mind or heart contaminated by poison found in small sweetened portions between the lids of any book he may pick up from my table." No games of any kind were played there. Her family could do as they chose in their own rooms, but her parlor was sacred to the young men who had no other home; and it was a place where, almost every evening, all gathered to enjoy the social privileges of a real Christian home life.

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"As, pausing o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives, thus lowly, clogged and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make a sad world happier for their bloom."

Years of persevering effort, shadowed as they were by the sombre cloud, followed each other in quick succession. But this busy life was persistently filled in with benevolent efforts for others, and though unable to do great things to alleviate the woes of the poor, yet her bright, inspiring face was often seen in their humble homes, ministering not alone to their physical

wants, but by words of kindness and advice giving them spiritual cheer and hope, and the encouragement which they so much needed, which was often better to the hearts she found so hungry than if she could have bestowed "silver and gold," of which she had none. Her time for these visits was in her intervals of rest; and many an afternoon has she spent in walking long distances looking after the poor, the morning of which had been full of absolute hard labor for her family. Surely she did look well to the "ways of her household," and so practical was she that she always made it her first business to see that every home duty was faithfully performed.

She did her own marketing for years, and was truly economical, though always providing liberally for her family; and the preparation of the food was so under her own eye that nothing was lost by imperfect cookery or bad management in the culinary department. This was a part of her religion. She was in the practice of saving from her table every nice bit of meat which would otherwise be thrown away; and, with the coöperation of her faithful and kind-hearted servant, Maria, she made soup—good, wholesome, nutritious soup—two days in the week, which was distributed to the poor, who had been vis-

ited, and invited to come for it prepared to take away, each one, a portion commensurate with the size of the family. This work, so small, and yet so great, she kept up for several years, and never wearied in it, though often meeting with unlooked-for and unaccountable causes of discouragement. Gradually her work enlarged through the interest of her many friends, so that she became the almoner for others in the work of relieving and cheering the poor. Her home was the store-house of good things for the children of want; and in her later years her good helpers in this work were her friends Frances and Morris M. White, who sent to her for years supplies of groceries of the nicest qualities, to be thus applied. And they, with her friends H. H. Smith, Elizabeth Warder, Charlotte Davis, and others, also frequently gave her small sums of money for distribution, as she "went about doing good." This charity, the kind donors felt, was always most faithfully and judiciously applied. She omitted nothing in her ministry that could add to the comfort and development of those whom she visited, teaching them how to keep house, training them in habits of personal neatness and cleanliness. She had an adroit way of finding out the littlest needs of those whom poverty had reduced to that "I do n't care" con-

dition so often seen, and which my mother thought too often kept the charitable from doing anything more. Not so with her, whose motto was "perseverance in every good word and work." Said a bright, hopeful looking woman to her one day,—"I would be clean, lady, if I could; but you see—I've no soap." This told its own story. My mother repeated it to a listening ear and a responsive heart; and in the future, Mrs. Proctor attended to the "soap department" in that store-house for the poor. Thus more than one box of soap found its way, piece by piece, into the abodes of want and wretchedness, by which their homes and their bodies were made purer: and as a result, their lives were made better—"first pure, and then peaceable." This form of systematic giving,—without "red-tape," and without respect of persons,—was continued for nearly a lifetime, and that, too, in the midst of daily toil, which to a less vigorous and persevering spirit would of itself have been exhaustive. Truly the wise man's words were verified in her life: "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

As has been said, her commonest duties were her highest pleasures. She permitted no thought of failure to enter her mind. Her religious duties were par-

amount to everything else, to every other service. Not only the first day, but the mid-week, meetings found her ever in her place among those of her own society with whom she sat in "heavenly places in Christ Jesus," with whom she constantly mingled in the "unity of the spirit."

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My mother's first experience in hiring help was after her daughters began to teach school, which they did at a very early age, from necessity. Here, again, is recalled the bright, inviting home, the helpful words of cheer, the ever-loving, never-wearying, self-sacrificing mother, encouraging and inspiring the increasing energies and growing ambitions of the young teachers, making it worth while to live in the "every-dayness of this work-day world." "Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies? Her children arise up, and call her blessed."

Another Christian trait: My mother never kept a servant from attending his or her own chosen place of worship. She rather encouraged them to faithfulness in their religious obligations; and the noon-day meal, on the first day of the week, was largely prepared and arranged for on the previous day. Her boarders really liked this plan for a quiet Sabbath,

for they were mostly Christian people; but if not, it made no difference in her plan—in the faithful adherence to that course of conduct which she felt to be duty. She advised all who applied for a home with her of the principles by which she was guided, and by which she governed the concerns of her household; and then they were at perfect liberty not to enter her home, as they were free to leave it at any time should its rules and regulations become irksome. But they seldom left her from such considerations, or from choice for any cause.

Among those who in the course of years had a home with her were many of most precious memory, some of whom—yes, many—are now rejoicing with her on the "green banks of deliverance," and mingling their songs of praise to Him whose grace availed to "present them faultless." Two dear friends, with whom she often "took sweet counsel," were greatly enjoyed by my mother. For seven years they were honored members of her household. The wife is now "widowed indeed," but not desolate, for two devoted sons live to make bright life's pathway for her. In the appropriate language of another,—"No words can tell the tenderness of feeling with which we associated the two links,—one bright in the ineffable glory; the

other kept bright amid the tarnishing influences of time through Him "Who is a crown of glory, and a diadem of beauty to the residue of His people." Another came "to try" the home for a while, and the result was, an honored member of the household band for fourteen years. And for twenty consecutive years one family had its representatives under her protecting roof, and were a part of the circle which surrounded her fireside, and enjoyed "Aunt Harriet's" home.

"Her hearthstone was a broad and pleasant space,
Where many mingled—
Where none, for honor, and the highest place,
Apart were singled;
This her example has bequeathed to others—
'The children of one Father, all are brothers.'"

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"For love's strength standeth in love's service,
And whoso suffers most has most to give."

A most suggestive and helpful illustration of the lines quoted is seen in the life of this dear mother. An almost constant sufferer herself, she was habitually serving others, and felt it "sweet to toil for other worlds than this." What she did was for the suffering Saviour's sake, and because she loved to do good to all. The love of Christ was the constraining power which drew her thoughts and her efforts away from self. Her hands were literally never idle, in order

that her family might be comfortable, so that her children might not want for any good thing, so that they might be happy. The power of her life over others for good was wonderful: it cannot be estimated. That earnest life, those busy hands—how they speak to the heart of the writer now!—and as my mother lived for others then, may the memory of her life, her words, her work, speak to the hearts who loved her while here; and may these "sketches" be gloriously used to proclaim God's grace to all who may desire to so work, so speak, and so shine for Him.

The following lines breathe such a simple, touching memory of what she was to those whom God had given her, and for whose happiness here and in eternity she ever held herself responsible under God, that it seems fitting they should be recorded:

"Beautiful Hands.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They were neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would hardly think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
While mine were at their play!

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
Those hands shall folded be.

"But oh! beyond this shadow damp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those dear old hands
Shall palms of victory bear;—
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,—
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands."

The Christian who reads these "sketches," imperfect though they be, can doubtless trace the goodness

and the grace of God in His wise and constant discipline in the development of the character under His moulding hand. Her will seemed gradually, yet surely, conforming to His own. In her self-scrutiny, she realized her imperfection and want of conformity to her divine pattern. Her life seemed to her so filled with mistakes and neglected opportunities, that she has often said it was only by the "enablings" of the blessed Holy Spirit that she dared appropriate the comforting assurance of "no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." In all her intercourse with young Christians, she constantly, yet always cheerfully, entreated them to enter every open door of usefulness and service, and to become faithful workers, even should their service be to only "stand and wait."

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"Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;—
Wait thou His time: the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day."

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

As cloud after cloud hurries across the sky, casting their shadows upon all below, so across the varying landscape of her life succeeding clouds of sorrow cast

their dark ministrations, only to gild with brighter radiance of grace her pathway to glory, as God's fatherly care and loving kindness shone upon it through the rifted darkness. Another cup of sorrow was to be pressed to lips which had already tasted the dregs of life's bitterest woe. Rutherford says,—

"Soon shall the cup of glory wash down earth's bitterest woe;"

and a greater than Rutherford has said,—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Praise the Lord. About this time the health of her daughter Elizabeth suddenly failed, under the pressure of school duties; and a rapid decline brought this cherished one to an early grave. This bereavement deepened the shadow which rested, glory-tinted though it was, upon all the earthly pilgrimage of this devoted one. There was so much of mercy mingling with this bitter cup, that she refused not to be comforted. She rejoiced that God had answered her prayers, and in His enfolding tenderness had prepared her child for an entrance into the heavenly home. Through sincere repentance, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, this redeemed spirit entered the pearl-gate city in the early morning of 1st mo., 31st, 1843. Her death

was triumphant; and so joyous was she in the prospect before her, that she could not understand why those about her should weep. With a happy smile she waved her hand, saying, "My tears are all wiped away." And thus, in the glorious realization of her beloved daughter's assured bliss, my mother was in this "seventh trouble" enabled to rise from out the depths of sorrow, and follow with glad, faith-lit eye her darling child to the bright mansions of eternal joy. The natural wish to go and be with the dear ones "over there" was cheerfully, gratefully put aside for the "little while," as she expressed it, until the blessed summons should be given which would unite the broken household where redeemed spirits shall sing the new song of praise to Him who has washed them and made their robes "white in the blood of the Lamb."

My mother was broad-minded and wide-hearted: she had an undoubting faith in all God's promises. And from the time that the radiant crown of motherhood was placed upon her brow, she wore it worthily. She ceased not to pray for the conversion of her children, for their eternal salvation. She has often said words like these: "I made no bargain with God; I had no will of my own in this matter. I simply asked

God for Christ's sake to convert my children, to save their immortal souls." When her earnest prayers were answered, one child was called into another religious society; and the other, when converted, was taken away from earth to brighten the diadem of glory on the Saviour's brow. She made no complaint. Her Christianity was broad enough, and her mind practical enough, to enable her to rejoice in the fact of the conversion of those dearer than life itself to her,—her own will not asserted, but entirely set aside. In answer to one who said, "Thee must stop this movement; thee must not allow thy child to join another society," she meekly but firmly answered,—"I cannot answer for her at the judgment seat of Christ; therefore I would not dare to cast a straw to obstruct her onward course in the pathway she has chosen, as I believe, by the leading of the Holy Spirit. She is doubtless converted, and I can do no other than thank my Heavenly Father for answered prayer, and bid her God-speed on the heavenly journey." How passing wonderful is the grace divine which gave to this devoted servant of His such unquestioning, unfaltering faith in God's way of answering her prayers. Truly the discipline of life, with its changes, its trials, and its provings, had not been lost upon her.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain;—
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

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My mother was a great reader, even in the midst of the busy activities of life, so filled with absorbing cares. Her mind seemed permeated with heaven and heavenly thoughts. She always found time to read not only the devotional reading for the day, but the current events of the times were not overlooked; especially did she read of the benevolent and religious movements of the world. And there was not a missionary station anywhere from Mexico to the Congo in Africa but that she knew its location, its workers, and its needs; and her prayers accordingly went out for those missions, those workers, and those needs. Her multiplied physical infirmities often confined her for months together to her home; but pain of body, nor the environment of brick walls, had power to hold, imprisoned, the heart and soul vitalized by the Spirit of God, and keenly alive to the immortal interests of every living person, it might almost seem, whether she had ever seen them or not. As she read the statistics of the world's needs—of the world's teeming

millions—her earnest, tearful prayers reached out until it would seem that all nations, all homes, all hearts, with their various wants, were touched; and by the pleading tones of her far-reaching prayer, her voice doubtless entered the listening ear of Him who would send gracious answers. Whether she should ever know the results or not was of little consequence to her individually: she could trust God, and she did. She practically reiterated Paul's exhortation to Timothy, that "supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men." Her prayers were sometimes wonders of divine power, and all-embracing in their scope. She seemed truly to "lift up holy hands" as she approached God to pour out her prayers for "all men everywhere." Memory recalls many instances of such prayer: here is one. It was after the usual evening reading from the Holy Scriptures, and an unusually deep and lengthened silence. She bowed her head upon her hands, and poured forth a touching prayer, including all the world; then, with tears and broken utterances, she besought the Lord to "extend His arm of power now, at once, to some soul in an extremity of need, who had no power to help itself, nor knowledge of the only Source of help, entreating that the Gracious One would now, at this

critical moment of extremity, make it His opportunity to effectually direct the despairing cry of that soul to Himself, as the only hope of the perishing, and thus procure the deliverance which was so much needed." It was a wonderful prayer, and quite impossible to be justly delineated at this distant day. Being asked afterwards to whom she referred in her prayer, her answer was significant,—"I do not know; God does, and He will answer in His own time and way." She had prayed as the Spirit had given utterance, and was content to wait for eternity to know the results.

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From the very first movement of philanthropists to ameliorate the condition of the Indians, she was deeply interested in their welfare. It was this reality of interest which induced her, through much personal sacrifice, to accept from her society an appointment to visit the several tribes then under the loving watch-care of Friends. Accordingly she, accompanied by Mary Ann Donaldson, a lovely Christian friend, with other members of the committee, set off on what seemed at that time to be a somewhat dangerous and tedious journey to Missouri. It was fraught with both peril and pleasure, and to mother was full of interesting and impressive incident. She was absent from

home four or five weeks. The writer greatly regrets that only the merest mention of this remarkable visit can be made, as all the letters describing the thrilling incidents of the journey and visit were accidentally destroyed; and no record remains from which to glean items which would doubtless fill our souls with zeal. From that time she was renewedly and enthusiastically awake to all the interests of mission work among the Indians, which never left her, and changed not, except to increase in ardor, as long as she lived. She was for many years a member of the "Committee of the Society of Friends on Indian Affairs." This associated her with some of the choicest spirits of her beloved society, with noble men and consecrated women, whose zeal and devotion to the cause added an inspiring interest and efficiency to her efforts. She had a true missionary spirit, whether in the home or the foreign field. At one time the writer said to her, half playfully, "Mother, if it had not been for thee, I think I should now be in India, laboring for the heathen there." With bright love-lit face, she quickly, and with equal playfulness, responded, "Well, I am sure, had it not been for thee, daughter, I should long ago have been with our North American Indians,"—adding, "but our Heavenly Father knew best, and we

are doubtless in our right place, and we will labor here." "The field is the world."

Her mental vigor and vivacity were remarkable when her feebleness and her "oft infirmities" were taken into account. She very seldom missed a meeting of any kind, and her faithfulness in attending her own particular meetings has been already mentioned. She was not less faithful in her attendance upon the annual gatherings. During the years of her girlhood, and those of her early married life, her membership was in Ohio Yearly Meeting, but her removal to Cincinnati necessitated a change; and she accordingly became a member of Indiana, the sittings of which are held in the autumn. She continued her membership here during the remainder of her life. For nearly, or quite, fifty years—half a century of faithful service!—she was not absent from the annual gatherings at Richmond, Indiana, more than three or four times, and when in attendance was the welcome guest under the hospitable roof of Elijah and Naomi Coffin. And when these kind friends were called up higher, she became a member of the family of their son, Charles F. Coffin, where she was cordially welcomed and lovingly cared for from year to year as long as she lived. For years she occupied a seat near the clerk's table,

in the various sittings of the Yearly Meeting, encouraging and aiding them—as she knew so well how to do—by all the means in her power; and thus was her clear voice often heard from the clerk's table to the remotest parts of that large audience-room. And she was no inattentive listener, but took an interest in every item of business, and in every individual present.

"The music of that voice
Is no wise hushed, but blended so with songs
Around the throne of God,
That our poor ears no longer hear it."

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Besides attending her own for so many consecutive years, she was privileged to meet with many sister Yearly Meetings. Often too feeble to travel alone, it has many times been not only the writer's duty, but her peculiar pleasure, to accompany this precious mother in these visits of Christian love. On all such occasions the most cordial welcome was extended to mother and daughter alike, unworthy as the latter ever felt herself to be. These visits were always attended with profit, and a sense of refreshing growth in every "good word and work" was the result. The Yearly Meetings of New England, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, North Carolina, Canada, Western, and

Iowa, have all thus been visited, and some of them repeatedly. To attend the Ohio Yearly Meeting was like a home-going to mother, and she greatly delighted in mingling again and again with the friends who had been so dear to her in the earlier years of her Christian life; and though she made her pilgrimages there until "instead of the fathers were the children," yet such was the sacredness of the tie that bound her to them that she always received great blessing and spiritual strength in their gatherings. The dear mother seemed never to weary in meeting and mingling with Friends everywhere, of whom she claimed many in every Yearly Meeting. In all these seasons of spiritual renewal and heavenly joy, her heart went out to the young, and her first efforts were extended towards them,—to guide and help, if she might, those who were taking their first steps in the pathway to heaven. Many a young minister has been cheered and encouraged by helpful, guiding words of counsel from her lips. She did not always know when her words were to be used as sweetly inspiring messages from God to His hesitating, timid, young embassadors for Christ; but such they proved to be many times—all through the influence of that grace which made her what she was to others.

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"No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world should see;
No carefulness! O child of God,
For nothing careful be!
But cast thou all thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee"

She seemed emphatically to have adopted this as her motto. She was never gloomy; she took the evil and the good in her life, as alike from God's hand. No care, no anxiety, no disappointment had power to drag her spirit down from the serene heights to which her triumphant faith had carried her; and thither she strove to lift all who came within the sphere of her influence. She gloried in the "cross of Christ," and her desire to "lift Him up" so that He should "draw all men" to Himself knew no abatement, as years were added to her precious life, and, with them, increasing infirmities. She was often unable to "go about doing good," as had been her wont, and then she prayed that in some way Christian work might be brought to her; and as she prayed, so she believed, and was ever on the alert for some good service for others—"something for the salvation of souls"—something to cheer and uplift the sorrowful and the downtrodden—"something for Jesus." And so it came to

pass that all who were even incidentally brought within her atmosphere were drawn as by insensible silken cords of love nearer to the humanity of Christ, nearer to the Fatherhood of God. She was remarkably happy in her manner of approaching any one on the subject nearest her heart, never giving offence. Her speech was seasoned with grace;—she never assailed the creed of any—never antagonized their belief, or unbelief; but "wise" as "harmless," she never went before, but obediently followed the "still small voice" of the Holy Spirit, which gently whispered to her not only what to say, but when and where to speak the "word in season." She was wonderfully guided to serve in every place and in every heart where the Holy Spirit would Himself come. Whether the person with whom she was brought face to face were rich or poor, learned or ignorant, old or young, she was fearlessly, genially, and almost always successfully, faithful. The light which shone into her own soul was caught as she stood near the cross at Calvary, and she just "let" it shine upon other hearts, until they too were lovingly drawn near enough to catch its life-giving rays, and thus become subjects of the grace that leads to glory. It was during the winter and spring of 1880 and 1881 that my mother was suffering

greatly, and confined most of the time to the house. She became deeply interested in the conversion of several young people whom circumstances had drawn to her own home; and taking this as answer to prayer, she had frequent conversations with them, and spent much time in prayer for them, and sometimes prayed with them. Her words were greatly blessed of the Spirit, and she had the joy of knowing that six souls had been led to Christ, and hopefully saved through faith in Him. They united with different churches, but the knowledge that they were really saved was enough for her to know; and this season of service and work done for the Master within her own doors was one of refreshing to her earnest soul. She was often heard in prayer and thanksgiving to bless the Lord for His gracious and condescending mercy in thus leading inquiring souls to her, and giving her the privilege of ministering to them in the Word. She was wholly dedicated in her life, and never lost an opportunity of speaking a word for her blessed Saviour. An incident comes to the memory now, which gives added light to this side of her Christian character,—this determination to do good to all as opportunity offered. The writer was engaged in dressing the painful ankle, from which her mother suffered so in-

tensely and so constantly, when the door-bell rang. Almost impatiently I ran down stairs, and summarily dismissed a beggar, and returned to the work in hand. With a look never to be forgotten, all thought of her own physical suffering gone from her face, and in its place the utmost tenderness, a winning, wistful love-light beaming in her eye, my mother asked, "Who was it? Thee closed the door so quickly—too quickly, my dear. It was a man's voice: was he a beggar?" On being answered, she continued, in a voice of melting tenderness, all tremulous with tears, and which is echoing in my soul as I write with so feeble a pen,—"Oh! was he a Christian, I wonder?" and then added, with a touch of compassion in her voice,—"Daughter, never do so again, never! Remember, my child, that whoever comes to our door to ask for anything is either a child of God—perhaps discouraged, and needing a kind word of cheer; or he is not a child of God, and then surely needs to have the way pointed out to him in tender earnestness." And so thrillingly was every fibre of her being touched, that tears stood in her sweet, bright eyes,—the while I bowed at her dear feet, and, I trust, learned the lesson which her life and lips were ever teaching.

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In the summer of 1856, being absent for several weeks in company with dear friends, my mother found time to write quite frequently. Some of these letters will give a deeper insight to both the daily life and the marked characteristics of the dear one whose history is thus unfolded. She writes,—

CINCINNATI, 7th mo., 17, 1856.

MY DEAR SARAH:—Thy most welcome letter was handed me to-day as soon as I returned from monthly meeting. Henry remained until after 2 o'clock, in order to see what news it contained. There was nothing for him, but in the evening he received Orrin's letter, with enclosures from Samuel and thee, but none for me. Uncle George has been very attentive about thy letters, and very thoughtful for me, though he pretends to laugh at me for feeling so anxious about thee.

I had quite a struggle this morning to decide about going to monthly meeting. As all the "queries" were to be read and answered, I knew, if I went, I could not get home to dinner; and with two new families in the house, and Dr. Mussey and wife to leave about 1 o'clock, and must have their dinner at 12 M., thou may be sure I felt it a good deal of an exercise to decide where my duty lay. But Maria and Bridget both encouraged me to go, and they would do faithfully all that I should plan; and when I mentioned it at the breakfast hour, they all with one voice urged me to attend the meeting: so I felt released, and went. Had an excellent meeting. Daniel Williams was there, and preached a good

sermon. Cousin Susan came home with me, as men's meeting was not closed. She read thy letter with me, and was truly glad to hear from thee, and sends love. She ate dinner with me, but I did not feel nearly so hungry as thankful: that, thou knows, is always a full and rich feast to me. Faithful Biddy had worked with all her energy after the Doctor and wife left, and had our room in perfect order. It is truly delightful to get into it again, though I esteemed it an equal favor to have given them the occupancy of it, both as a matter of pecuniary interest and the treasure I feel it to have their acquaintance and friendship. They both expressed the greatest satisfaction in having been with us. The doctor gave me a book and an engraving of himself, which I highly value; and his wife left a nice book, with her love, for thee—"Morning and Evening Devotion."

After Cousin Susan and Henry left me, I came back into my room, and thought I would lie down a while and rest; but the box with the writing materials on the little stand looked so convenient and inviting, I concluded to write a while before I lay down, and then finish afterwards;—so now I will stop a while, but not until I express my great satisfaction and pleasure at knowing where thou art just now—at New Bedford—with Mary and our other friends, for you will be gone from there before I get up again. It is now nearly 4 o'clock, and I can fancy the leave-taking. Meetings and partings, joys and sorrows, smiles and tears, mark all our pathway through life's checkered scene. I was much obliged to dear Mary for writing a line to me. Love to her when thou writes. (Exit.)

Six and a half o'clock finds me here at the stand at my writing again, but not much refreshed, the weather is so warm.

Mary Baker called yesterday, just before tea, to inquire for the travellers, but Henry had not returned with the latest news; but he told her in the evening at prayer-meeting. I am very glad the package of letters met thee at Boston. I have since mailed a letter to New York, and think I shall send this one there, as you will likely remain over first day . . . I feel almost ready to persuade thee to return with the party instead of stopping at Mt. Pleasant, as it is hardly likely that Uncle David and Aunt Rebecca Updegraff will be at home; and their absence would be quite a drawback to the pleasure and the profit of thy visit. I must now close this long letter, as supper is ready.

Committing thee, with my own soul, to the care of the unslumbering Shepherd, I remain ever and always,

Thy loving MOTHER.

Another letter — so natural, showing very clearly the two-fold life she lived, heart full to overflowing with the grace of God who so richly supplied all her needs, and also the busy, active hands full of the common incidents of this "work-day" world—brings to light again the practical side of her truly remarkable life. The letter bears date,—

CINCINNATI, 7, 19, 1858.

MY DEAR SARAH:—Peace as a panoply covers my mind, and my heart inly exclaims, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." Call upon His name "who is mighty in power, excellent in wisdom, doing won-

ders." Oh! yes, what a wonder is the salvation of poor, lost, sinful man! and still how many hear the joyful sound without waking up to its vast importance;—having ears, they hear not. "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." He alone can "satisfy" the longing soul, and "fill the hungry soul with goodness." "How excellent art Thou, O Lord! how unsearchable are Thy judgments, and Thy ways past finding out."

3d day, afternoon.

As I have looked over the page of yesterday, I have said to myself, Shall I send it? To-day has been so different, fraught indeed with mercy and untold occasions for thanksgiving; but oh! such a busy hither-and-thither time! It is ironing day; but we did not iron, thinking we had better can blackberries. Maria went to market before breakfast to get them. Then the man could not come to solder until after dinner; so I picked and sugared them, ready for cooking. At 8½ o'clock, Burnett's house took fire in the rear; and that, thou knows, is just opposite our back yard. The blaze was high and hot before the engines commenced throwing water. In the meantime I sent for Uncle George. Uncle William ran over to keep me from letting the gathering crowd take our goods out of the house. I told him I was fully posted on that score from former experience. M. ran with water to the roof, and threw on several bucketfuls. When the engines did begin they made quick work of it; and I really felt gratified at having the opportunity of witnessing the almost inconceivable dispatch with which the flames were extinguished. I felt distressed for Burnett, as the smell of burning sugar and butter was wafted through our

premises. We were almost stifled with smoke for a while, although our first precaution was to close windows and shutters all over the house. A distressing account was soon spread through the street, with the burning matter, that his wife was ill, and had to be carried out of the burning building, and that one of the children was killed by falling timbers. It did seem dreadful, and I was agonized at the thought; but our ever alert Maria soon made her way through the burning timbers and rubbish, until she reached head-quarters, and inquired into their true condition. Burnett said his wife was away from home on a visit, and was in happy ignorance of the calamity, and a child had only had his ankle sprained—just nothing at all—and he was trying to be thankful that things were no worse. He and some of the boys were already busy clearing away things, and making preparations to resume their labors. This brings us up to 10 o'clock, Maria to preparing for dinner, and Biddy to finishing her work, with a face as white as a sheet of paper. I would like to tell thee of poor old John's exploits, but have not time for much. He went all the way for Brother George without his hat, and George said looked in perfect terror. Things now seemed quiet, and I lay down to rest till 12 o'clock; but Thomas came and called me, saying he had a letter for me. I thought to be sure it was from Hannah, but he said not; it came in his letter from H. It was dated at "Horseneck," where you all were. It was a real comfort to me, and when Uncle G. came in to dinner, he brought me dear Mary's. Do tell her I am greatly obliged, and have really and truly participated in your joy. She says she wants thee to make thy visit to H. Ladd this week, so as to go to Saratoga with them. Thou will of course know which will be best. I suppose the

great matter is, for you two to be together as long as you can. Sara Mayo thinks she can hardly bear not to see thee, and hopes you may be with Hannah at the same time. T. is much obliged for thy note. He read it to me, and said H. seemed delighted to see and be with thee. I am some tired now, dear S., and think I must lie down and rest before tea. I have been hindered from writing all I intended . . . This is our Bible-class evening, so I must close before I rest, and 't is nearly 6 o'clock now. This letter is very long, and very unsatisfactory; but I cannot help it—the day has been so full of excitement, and anxiety, and care;—but my mind has been kept in peace, trusting in the Lord. I think it is very good in thee to write so often. Please do n't grow "weary in well-doing." Love to all the dear ones, and

Believe me, as ever,

Thy loving MOTHER.

* *

* * *

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight;
Make me a child again—just for to-night."

Greatly to my mother's delight, the time came, in the early years of her widowhood, when she received into her own home her mother, who spent five years with her. It was a season of delightful intercourse, thus renewing and refreshing the fond memories of their past. It was a choice privilege to my mother to bask once more in the light and warmth of a fond mother's love. It seemed more fitting, however, that

grandmother should spend the remaining years of her life on earth with her younger daughter, Rebecca Hayes. She accordingly returned to her former home, near West Chester, Pa., and again became a welcome member of that loving family. She lived to a very old age; and four or five years before she passed away from earth, she was entirely blind. As the advancing years were adding their burden of infirmities to my grandmother's life, and the "outward man" seemed "perishing," the "inner man was renewed day by day." During the passing years my mother was graciously permitted to make frequent pilgrimages to this eastern home, to help cheer and comfort the declining years of her mother, and to enjoy, over and over again, the sweet companionship of her sister, of whom she was very fond. These were cheerful, happy visits. Mother always returned from them much impressed with and gladdened by the conviction of the growing graces of the dear aged one, and feeling the uncertainty of their ever again meeting on earth; still she rejoiced in the assurance she felt that her mother was ripening for the skies.

The following beautiful lines were selected by my mother, and often repeated by her as appropriate to the advancing age and spiritual growth of her honored

mother, who was now so near her journey's end, and who, though blind and almost helpless, never allowed a murmur to escape her lips.

"Old Age.

"The golden grain,—how beautiful!
Waiting the Reaper's hand;
Bowed it may be, yet is it not
The glory of the land?

"Just so the aged Christians wait,
With locks all silvery white,
Shining as if a ray from heaven
Had touched their brows with light.

"I love the gently beaming eye,—
The smile so full of love,—
As if it heavenly converse held
With holy ones above.

"Old age, I love thee! Thou hast been
A loving friend to me:
Dear are thy trembling tones, and sweet
Thy kindly sympathy.

"I love to press thy trembling hand,
And hold it in my own,
And think perhaps a prayer went up
For me before the throne.

"Yes, age looks beautiful when lit
With beams of grace divine;
And oft from out its frail disguise
An angel seems to shine.

"Thus did my own sweet mother wait,
Ere yet she took her flight,—
An angel trembling on the brink
Of life, and love, and light.

"If, beautiful in holiness,
Thou shinest even here,
How wilt thou, in the light of heaven,
All glorious appear!"

In the year 1858 my dear mother felt a great desire to revisit the home of her sister, and thus also see and be with her aged mother. Though it seemed difficult for her to be released from home cares, yet, as she said, "way opened" marvellously for her to make occasional visits. Travelling and change of climate, and freedom from routine, always did her good and improved her health; and she was always encouraged to go from home. She had many dear relatives and friends in and near Philadelphia, whom she delighted to see, and who desired her to visit them; but most of the time of these visits was spent at "The Maples"—the lovely country home of her

brother and sister, Isaac and Rebecca Hayes. She left home in the spring of the year, and before the weather was yet too warm for comfort. The following letters will express in her own words what she enjoyed with the dear ones with whom she was sojourning:

"THE MAPLES," 4th mo., 20, 1858.

MY DEAR SARAH:—Thy anxieties with regard to my safety were doubtless relieved by the telegram sent the morning I arrived; and the hasty notes which followed in a few days I hope answered the purpose for which they were designed. My thoughts are so much with thee, this morning, that, as thy uncle and aunt have gone into West Chester, the girls busy ironing preparatory to going to Yearly Meeting, and dear grandmother asleep, I have concluded to lay aside my knitting, and try to write a little more deliberately and connectedly than I have done heretofore. This is the third letter to thee since I came. Cousins Joseph and Martha are anxious I should go to the city for a visit of a week with them, but as my stay here this time must be short, I very naturally desire to spend most of it with mother. It has rained nearly every day since I came, but this morning is beautiful and bright, the birds singing in the leafless trees. I was entirely disappointed to find the large maples have not the least appearance of putting out their buds even. As to the forests, they look as dreary as winter; but the early flowers are out, and the willow trees and grass are looking beautifully green since the rain has ceased. Many dear friends have called to invite me to visit them, but I have declined all, telling them I should not leave mother except to attend meetings.

Uncle and aunt and the girls will go to Yearly Meeting, while I will stay with grandmother; and when they return, I think my visit will be about over, if mother continues as well as she seems now.

All send love, are as glad to see thy letters come as I am, and glad also to know that thou can still write letters sometimes.

Thy loving MOTHER.

During the same visit she writes as follows:

"THE MAPLES," 5th mo., 3, 1858.

MY DEAREST S.:—Thy long letter, mailed on second day morning, was brought to me when sister returned from Monthly Meeting. The weather was a good deal blustery, and I concluded to stay at home. I have had a delightful time with mother this morning; indeed, it has been delightful all the time, and I feel amply repaid for the cost of coming and for the silent anxiety endured before I decided to set off from home. Though it would be very pleasant to meet many dear friends, whom I shall not see, yet the one great object, and only object that could have induced me to leave my home (which suits me better than any other place in my circumstances), I have been mercifully permitted to accomplish; and I feel entirely prepared to return home at the time proposed.

With love from all to Uncle George and thyself,

I am as ever,

Thy loving MOTHER.

"THE MAPLES," 5th mo., 10, 1858.

MY DEAR SARAH:—Another happy morning spent with thy grandmother has made me feel very grateful to my

Heavenly Father for granting me this privilege; and I believe He will bless thee in making the sacrifice thou dost in giving me up. Mother and I have been alone most of the morning, and she has asked me about almost every one she ever knew. She thoroughly enjoys my being here, but she asks the same questions, and tells the same things, over and over again. O how changed she looks! and when she sleeps, as she often does in her chair, she looks very much as if she were not living—so pale and thin; but when she wakes, she is bright and cheerful, and says,—"I believe I have been asleep." When I ask her how she feels, she always says.—"I am just as well as I ever was in my life. not an ache nor a pain—only so dizzy and blind, that I am a poor helpless creature."

My prospect now is to leave here on 4th day morning next at 6 o'clock. Thy uncle and aunt will go with me to Philadelphia, and I take the 1 P. M. train for the westward journey. Should there be any change in the day, I will send a telegram; and if I stop at Quarterly Meeting, I will write from there on 6th day morning. I feel all ready to go to thee, my dear child;—only it is pleasant to spend a few more quiet days with grandmother, on whose dear face I can never look again, most likely . . .

I was glad to receive thy letter, my dear S., but sorry to know thou wast not well. Be careful of thy health; do not use too much exertion, for I know thou cannot endure it. I should feel really sorry to find everything in the nicest order at home, if it must be at the expense of thy health. Do take care of the casket that holds my greatest earthly jewel.

As ever,

Thy loving MOTHER.

Her plans were carried out. She left the dear blind mother in usual health, and both felt the happier for having been together. The farewell was spoken without tears. My mother reminded those she was leaving that Christians need hardly say the parting word—so soon to meet again. It was a favorite thought of hers, that expressed by the poet,—

> "The farewells always lie behind us,
> But the greetings always lie before."

Thus she left them, joyously looking onward to a time of meeting which should know no separation. She visited friends on the homeward way, stopping, as she expected, to attend her Quarterly Meeting, after which she came home. She always brought joy with her whenever or wherever she came. She was, on this occasion, as she expressed it, more than usually rejoiced to be at her post of duty again. Greatly improved by her visit, and not tired from the journey —for she never wearied with travel—she was soon in the harness again, and gladly assuming the duties which, to her practical mind, never became irksome. Her earthly cares seemed to be transformed into heavenly benedictions, and every duty, under her magic touch, seemed to know "the noiseless sliding" of each into its accustomed place.

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* * *

"Our life moves on;
There is no pause in its perpetual tread."

In 1860, mother was again called eastward to the Chester county home, urged by letters and a touching message from the aged and blind mother: "I do want my daughter Harriet from Cincinnati to come and stay with me until I am released from earth, and my feet set free from the swellings of Jordan, and resting securely on the green banks of deliverance." It had been an ardent wish of my mother's to be present with this dear one at the close of her life's long pilgrimage, if it could be a possible thing; and now the call came. Her decision was made, and she left her home and her daily cares once more. The time was 2d mo., 10th, and the weather cold: yet she undauntedly started off alone to make her journey. She reached Downingtown in safety, and was met as usual by Uncle Isaac and Aunt Rebecca. She found the dear aged invalid much changed, but with no special disease—only old age gradually leading her down to the grave. She was quite childish, and forgetful of passing events. It was very satisfactory to my mother to be with her; and she was able many times to soothe and comfort the restless wanderings,

caused by the enfeebled condition of both body and mind. Grandmother was very deaf, and it was impossible for any but my mother's voice to reach her, so that she could enjoy being read and talked to; but she could hear distinctly all that mother would say. A few letters, written during this visit of my mother's, will give detailed account of passing days and weeks in that sick-room, where the Angel of Death hovered so long, waiting to carry the ransomed spirit to the bosom of God—that "home of the soul:"

"THE MAPLES," 2nd mo., 18, '60.

MY DEAREST SARAH:—I hope thou received my dispatch 2d day morning. The letter mailed the same day would explain why thou could not hear on 7th day as I promised. The delay was a great disappointment to me, for I knew so well that thou wast living on that hope, and must be disappointed; but we must learn, my dear, the lesson of trust, and wait patiently, and not be afraid. I do think a great deal about you all at home, but am continually thankful that I came when I did. Dear grandmother has never forgotten that I am here since the first morning after I arrived. When I went into her room and spoke to her, she said,—"Why, who is this?" When I told her, she said.—When did thee come? They did not tell me thee was here." "Yes," I said, "I was in here in the evening." But she could not be persuaded that she knew it; thought she "must have been asleep" when they told her. She sometimes forgets my name, and calls out to know if her "dear friend

from Cincinnati" is in the room. It seems the greatest comfort to her to have me with her, and many times a day begs me not to leave her again until she is laid in the grave, and closes with,—"and then thee can go home with such sweet comfort."

Her mind, so weakened in regard to earthly things, is always bright and clear on heavenly themes, and she is truly a preacher of righteousness. The whole plan of salvation is most wonderfully declared to all who are in the house, for whenever she speaks, she raises her voice so that she can be heard in the sitting-room, dining-room, and parlor, and every one can hear her words. The mercy and goodness of her Heavenly Father is her wonted theme,—in providing every comfort—all her wants supplied in rich abundance,—"and I so unworthy of the least of His mercies."

She suffers at times with very distressing turns with her heart and flow of blood to the brain, and then her agony is very great; says her mind is just like a whirlwind, and it seems to her that the enemy is to have the victory over her at last. The first spell she had after I came, I sat by her and soothed her in this way: I said to her,—"Mother, Jesus is just as able to still the tempest *now* as He was when His poor disciples were tossed upon the boisterous ocean." She laid hold of the thought in a moment, and, with her poor blind eyes uplifted and streaming with tears, she cried out, "Oh, yes! He is, He is!" and there was a great calm. "Yes," she continued, "He has given me peace, sweet peace; He has said to my tempest-tossed soul,—'Peace, be still,' and there *is* a great calm." I am thankful to have this joy of sitting by her and ministering to her needs. She will lie for hours with the sweetest countenance and the appearance of perfect consciousness. I was with her awhile after

breakfast this morning, reading and talking with her, and then told her I wanted to go and write to thee. She always speaks of Uncle George and thee together. She urged me to go at once. I suggested that she might get a little sleep while I was gone. "Oh! don't mind leaving me awake," she replied; "my mind is free and peaceful, and I shall lie here and think of many comforting things—think of my many mercies. I am very undeserving, but my blessed Lord is good and kind to me, a poor, unworthy creature."

I wish I could tell more of the beautiful things she says, but I must leave it until we meet. I thought thee and Brother George would like to hear just how she seems, and have been thus minute. She often asks how many children she has, but speaks very often of George, with perfect recollection and a great desire to see him, and thee, too. "Dear Sarah!—how glad I should be to see *her*—but I never shall; but I *could* take her by the hand, and that would be *such* a comfort." My own health is very good. I sleep up-stairs, in auntie's room; it is warm and comfortable, with a stove that keeps warm all night, and Harriet sleeps with me;—so thou sees how wonderfully I am cared for.

Last third day was Quarterly Meeting, but I thought the weather too cold to go with safety, so concluded to stay with mother while the rest went. There is no meeting to-day, but I shall probably get out first day. Yesterday it snowed hard all day, and this morning is cold and clear, with six or seven inches of snow. The girls are going into West Chester in the sleigh, and I must send this letter by them. I neglected to tell thee in my letter of second day that there was no snow on the mountains, except a very slight covering that seemed to have fallen in a few minutes, but nothing like covering the ground anywhere.

If thou has opportunity, give my love to Harrison Alderson and Joseph Taylor. I shall miss them if I visit their homes while they are absent, but they must stay in Cincinnati until I return. I had a very nice note from dear H. Ladd;—give her my love, but I cannot answer her now. I must close, with love to all.

In great haste, thy loving MOTHER.

The two following letters, written while my mother continued to watch with the other loved ones about that dying pillow, will be read with interest:

FIRST DAY AFTERNOON, 3d mo., 4, 1860.

MY VERY DEAR SARAH:—I have just come out of grandmother's room to write a hasty letter to thee. She has continued to grow weaker ever since I wrote on fifth day; to-day she is exceedingly feeble, and, through the fore part of the day, greatly distressed and troubled in mind—with some pressing evil she could not account for—begging us not to leave her for a moment, and to be sure and watch her bed; that certainly something was wrong which she could not avert, or account for. It was very distressing to those who watched her, and Sister Rebecca says she does not know what they could do without me, for I am the only one who can talk to mother. When I came in from meeting, I found her in great trouble, and they found it impossible to soothe her. I came to the bed and took her hand, and told her I was there, and that all was *well* as regarded her; and that the troubled feelings were on account of her increasing infirmity of body and mind, and that I wanted her to be entirely still for a while and try to fix her mind on the Lord

Jesus, for He could keep her from all evil; and that, though these changes came over her feelings, there was not any change in Him; "He was the same,—yesterday, to-day, and forever." I told her I believed He would very soon release her from all her sorrows, and take her to himself. She was perfectly still while I talked to her, and said,—"What a comfort—what a mercy!" Often expresses her earnest desire to depart, and frequently utters ejaculatory prayers, most solemnly impressive, and is always bright and clear in the recitation of Scripture passages. Sometimes I begin a comforting text, and she will take it up and finish it. Her pulse was rapid and feeble this afternoon, and she has slept but little to-day.

I have hoped I would be at liberty to return the last of this week, as she rallied a little a few days ago; but the prospect vanishes entirely now, and all feel that they cannot give me up until the last great change comes, unless there should be a most decided change for the better. There seems no hope of that now. She takes very little nourishment, and to all human appearances cannot continue much longer;—and what a mercy it will be to see her ransomed soul set free from the shackles of the frail, tottering tenement to take its purchased possession. Oh! what a costly mansion is prepared for the Lord's redeemed ones,—nothing less than the costly price of His own precious blood. May none reject Him, thinking to prepare a rest for themselves.

When I first came, she often enjoyed the idea that thee and Uncle George would come, but now that has all passed away; and when she can realize that she is in the care of her own children, she always expresses her thankfulness, and is happy. Robert—dear, faithful Robert—brought me thy letter last evening. I was glad to get it, truly, but would

have waited another day, my dear S., rather than have thee write so late at night. That, with thy care of the family, taxes thee too heavily, thy mother fears.

I had a most interesting and comforting letter from Cousin D. J. this afternoon, which I will answer day after to-morrow, if possible. Give my love to him and Cousin S. and all our friends. All send love to thee and G. Aunt R. says, "Tell them we will send a dispatch when the change comes."

In near affection, I am, as ever, thy own loving

MOTHER.

Two days later she writes,—

3D DAY EVENING, 3d mo., 6, 1860.

MY DEAREST S.:—I hardly know how to begin to write to-night, but feel unwilling to retire without commencing a letter, at least, though it is somewhat late. Thee and Brother George have doubtless received the dispatch sent at noon, which put you in possession of the looked-for intelligence that dear grandmother had been mercifully released from the perishing clay tenement, and had entered her everlasting rest. I wrote so hurriedly to thee on first day that I think it must be rather unsatisfactory, as I know I forgot many things I wished to say.

On that day,—directly after that letter went,—mother changed so much that we thought her much worse, and thy aunt and I concluded that both of us would stay with her that night. In the morning she revived again, and it seemed as if nature was determined to rally and stimulate the sinking powers. The day passed much as others, with a good deal of distress at times. In the evening I begged thy aunt to let me remain with the dear invalid, as I might possibly,

and most probably would, have to leave her still with them, and I wanted to be with her all I could. Haddy stayed with me, but mother passed a very restless night—very trying—with evident marks of approaching dissolution, but the pulse would again and again change; but we got through the night with the expectation that she would be brighter and stronger, as had been the case daily for more than a week. But when the daylight fully revealed the expression of her face, I saw at once that the struggles of the night had made a wonderful change, and there was no returning strength, the pulse rapid and tremulous, with labored breathing, which continued to increase, and she became unable to speak so as to be understood. Brother Isaac came into the room to see her before going out, when I remarked to him that I thought the great change was near. But he thought not; said he thought it possible she might live in that state for two or three days. He passed into the sitting-room to write to thy Uncle William. All went out of the room except myself. In a short time I noticed a peculiar change in the respiration, and called to them not to close the letter, as I thought there would be a change very soon. The family soon gathered in silence around her bed. All the war in the members had ceased, and the precious one lay perfectly adjusted,—had used the last exertion in changing her position; told me not to lift her, that she could turn herself. She laid her hands in stillness on her breast, and in quietness and sweetness she passed away, almost without our knowing it; and, as I sat and watched the departing spirit, my poor, unworthy heart was raised in silent gratitude to my kind Heavenly Father, who had thus permitted me to witness what that precious mother so ardently desired from the first of my coming, and I have felt all day that thou wast partaking of the solemn

privilege with me. It seems wonderful to me, as I look upon her sweet, peaceful face, that her earthly course is really finished and I permitted to witness her departure,—the long-cherished desire of my heart, and many a secret petition (I think without adequate faith), that such a boon might be mine.

I shall return to my home and thee as soon as possible, after we have laid the dear one in the grave until the glorious Resurrection morning. The journey does not look formidable to me at all, and I shall be permitted, I trust, to arrive in safety and find all well;—at any rate I think I have a grain of faith in committing myself, with all who are dear to me, to His care and disposal who so mercifully has watched over me my life long; whom I desire to serve, with a dedicated heart, all the remaining days of my pilgrimage.

With love to all. I am as ever, thy loving mother,

HARRIET STEER.

As I greatly feared the effect on my mother of the proposed journey immediately after the funeral, I wrote, urging her to remain a few days, until the strain of the watching and the sorrow were relieved by rest; and, as the friends there had also desired a little season of rest for her, to which she had consented, she wrote the following letter, which, though touching on personal matters in answer to a letter to her, is yet so loving and characteristic that it is recorded. There is so little from her own pen, that doubtless all will be glad to read it. It bears date

after the last offices of affection were bestowed upon the dear aged one.

"THE MAPLES," 3d mo., 8, 1860.

MY PRECIOUS SARAH:—I am so thankful for thy letter, and for thy kind suggestion that a few days of quiet rest should be mine before going home. Thy uncle and aunt were not willing to have me start sooner than next week, and though this will be my last letter to thee, yet I shall expect *two* more from thee.

And now, dear S., I want to say just here that I was fully able to appreciate thy feelings, and glad thee so frankly expressed to me the deepest feelings of thy heart; for I do assure thee, my dear, that, though there has been the veil of silence drawn over the scenes of the past, yet my heart sympathies have never ceased to flow out to thee in tenderest solicitude, accompanied by the secret and earnest petition that Jesus, our compassionate and loving Saviour, will fill thee with His own love; and that thy heart, once bruised and sorrowing, may find rest and joy and peace in Him; and though, I know, there are many things existing in your church, as well as in our own, that are of a trying and disquieting nature, yet as we look, my dear S., to the great Head alone who does emphatically *take care* of His church, He will in His own time and way cause His humble, trusting children to triumph over all these devices of the enemy, and, clothed in His righteousness, they shall go on conquering, through Him, to the end of this pilgrimage; and then the trials and disappointments and tribulations of the present time will be nothing in comparison to the "eternal weight of glory" that they shall inherit.

My beloved S., may thou and I be of this number, that,

denying ourselves and taking up willingly and cheerfully our daily cross and following Jesus, we shall be numbered with those who await His coming, with lamps trimmed and burning, prepared to enter with Him into the marriage supper of the Lamb.

I have been interrupted a number of times since I began this letter, and have not been able to write at all what I felt and intended when I begun; but now I must abruptly close.

In very near and tender sympathy, I am, as ever,

Thy loving mother,

HARRIET STEER.

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"I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

"Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving words,
And therein stay.

"Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow."

Returning in health and safety from the visit so satisfactory to all, my mother was more than usually cheerful, having—as she often expressed it—received new incentives and inspirations to activity in the cause of Christ, and passing days still found her treading higher slopes of duty, as she travelled onward in the

path that was to "grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

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"Each morn an even
Still found her higher up the narrow stairs
That wind towards heaven."

It was truly surprising that with such frequent attacks of extreme illness, and surrounded, too, in her home, with multiplied and imperative duties, she yet found time to attend so many meetings in the various and oftentimes distant sections of our country. Thus the autumn of 1863 found her in attendance upon Iowa Yearly Meeting, accompanied by her dear friends Charles and Rhoda Coffin, and Frances T. King, of Baltimore. She went in the love of the Gospel of Christ, and thoroughly enjoyed the occasion in all respects,—physically, socially, spiritually. The letters, which shall now speak for her, will show the many-sided interests which claimed her affectionate attention. She had many dear friends there,—friends who had removed from the East and settled in Iowa. Besides these, she had a beloved brother, who with his family had removed to that state many years before; and she went with the assured hope of meeting this brother, from whom she had been thus long sep-

arated. The first letter recorded is written from Chicago, at which point the party stopped, taking the journey by easy stages. The letter is dated,—

TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO,
9th mo., 6, 1863.

MY DEAR SARAH:—I wrote thee a hurried note from Charles Coffin's yesterday afternoon, and before thou can receive it I will probably be at my journey's end. I would be glad if the letter could travel faster, that thy mind might be earlier relieved; but thou must learn to hope, and never despair. Charles and Rhoda returned, as I wrote, about 6 o'clock P. M., and concluded to go on with us; and we left Richmond at 10½ o'clock, and reached this point a little before 8 o'clock this morning. After breakfast we learned there were several other friends at another hotel; we joined them, and had a very excellent meeting, the Lord wondrously fulfilling His promise to be with the "two or three" who meet "in His name."

At half-past 1 o'clock C. and R., with F. T. King, visited one of the mission schools, and another at 3 o'clock. We dine at 4½ o'clock, have another meeting at 6, and leave here at 8.15, arriving at Burlington, Iowa, in the morning to breakfast; then push on to the terminus of the railroad by 1½ o'clock P. M., which is nine miles from our destination, which will be reached by coach in about two hours. I will finish and forward this as soon as I can after reaching Oskaloosa.

3D DAY MORNING, 9:8.

I wish thou could know, dearest, how well and refreshed I feel this morning; but thou must wait awhile, and that

anxiously-hoped-for letter will reach thee with its good tidings. We arrived here about 4 o'clock, yesterday afternoon; were met by many Friends, who came to take the strangers to their various homes, and we were all soon on the way. F. T. King and myself are at the boarding-school, with six or eight others. C. and R. went to their cousin's, close by us, and we expect an addition of thirty to-morrow, and then our family will be considered full.

Benjamin and Jane Hollingsworth are the proprietors, with whom I am well acquainted. The meeting-house is not the distance of a square from us, so thou sees I will not be obliged to use too much exercise in the way of walking. Everything is nice and clean, and the table plentifully and comfortably supplied; but the Institution being in its infancy, there are many conveniences wanting.

The country is beautiful,—well wooded and rolling, with the appearance of good farming in many places, though others look as if the people lived with as little exertion as possible.

We met with dear T. W. Ladd in Ottumwa, and he expects to be here. I met a friend last evening who saw thy Uncle Samuel, and he intends being here at the public meeting, and then I shall arrange about my visit to them: they are only fourteen miles from here.

The Yearly Meeting will most likely close this day week, and I will only have until the 7th day following to visit uncle's, as I must at that time be in Plainfield to attend the meetings there. I shall not write again while I am here, as I shall be too busy. The country here seems entirely healthy; the water, both here and along the road, excellent; and I hope there will be no anxious fears for me. Love to Cousins David and Susan, with their dear children,—to Isaac

and Mary, and all who ask for me. I must write no more now: will do so when I reach Plainfield. Meet me with a letter there, directing to the care of Shildes Moore.

As ever, thy loving

MOTHER.

At the close of the meeting, where she saw so many dear friends, she was permitted to make the long-desired visit to her brother Samuel, who was the youngest member of her own family, and greatly beloved by her. His home was in Indianapolis, Iowa, only fourteen miles distant. From this point she writes the following letter, which will give some particulars of the visit:

9th mo., 16, 1863.

MY DEAR SARAH:—I am truly glad of this quiet retreat, after the crowding interests of the past week; that I can sit down and feel that I have time to write to thee, though I have enjoyed the meeting and seeing many faces that were familiar very much indeed; and I have been preserved in health and peace of mind, for which double blessing I hope I am thankful. Thy Uncle Samuel came yesterday, before meeting closed, as previously arranged through his son James, who attended public meeting on first day and found me, through the kind attentions of T. W. and B. Ladd, both of whom I had on the look-out. We arrived here about dark, when thy Aunt Sarah and the girls very cordially welcomed me. Friends are nearly all going on this morning towards Western Yearly Meeting at Plainfield, Ind., but, as B. Ladd and wife and sister are going next second

day, I have concluded to stay here until that time, and thy uncle will take me to Ottumwa that morning. I will join them and leave after dinner for Chicago and Indianapolis, Ind., reaching Plainfield about 5 o'clock, 3d day evening, giving me only three days of the meeting. But I feel more willing to make the sacrifice of losing two or three days in the beginning of the meeting than not to avail myself of the greater comfort I feel in visiting dear Brother Samuel and his family: indeed, I feel this the greater duty. They would be so glad to have thee here too, and I would be delighted to have thee; but, as duties never clash, or ought not to, we must be satisfied with our allotments, and fill up the moments of duty as they are on the wing, and may not tarry for our dilatory souls.

I must say for Iowa that it is delightful to me. I wonder not that so many are pressing into it. I have as yet seen no prairie country;—it is heavily and plentifully timbered, well watered, healthy, and beautiful. . . .

I have had no letter from thee; but while it would have been most acceptable, yet I have been without anxiety, having committed thee, with myself, to the protecting care of our Heavenly Father, who never slumbers: therefore nothing can harm us. I have written twice to thee, which I hope thou received, though they were very poor, hurried letters. I tried to find leisure to write, but there was such a crowd, with a succession of duties, that writing seemed impossible. Thou cannot imagine the full days I have had: a great many who knew me claimed my time. My home was so near the meeting-house that great numbers called to see me, and every afternoon there was a session of the First Day School Conference, most deeply interesting, and which I felt bound to attend. But I must not prolong this

letter; will have much to tell thee when we meet. All send love to thee from this lovely and truly hospitable home. I will send to Oskaloosa to-morrow to see if I may not have a letter from thee yet before I leave Iowa. Farewell, dearest. Let us trust and not be afraid.

Thy loving

MOTHER.

The plan thus formed, to meet the friends at Ottumwa and join them in the journey to Western Yearly Meeting, was completed, and mother was allowed to be in attendance the last three days. A letter, written while there, has also been destroyed, so that only the mere mention of this visit is made. She was very happy in meeting many whom she held most dear, and in her heartsome way enjoyed the reunion with those from whom she had been long separated. At the close of the meeting she visited among Friends in adjacent neighborhoods, attended several meetings, and seemed blessed herself as she was made a blessing to others. Thus she occupied the time, until, her own Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Ind., recurring, she found herself once more among her own people. At the close of its various sittings, occupying a week, she returned home in the possession of that peace which "passeth all understanding."

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"Oh! use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,—
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."

Again was my mother called away from home to visit in Gospel love the Friends of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. She was accompanied by her cherished friend, Hannah P. Smith. This was very acceptable to both, for they were most affectionately united in every good work. The meeting with highly valued friends and the religious service of my mother were sources of deep joy to all, and they were blessed with abundance of peace. At the close of this meeting both H. P. S. and my mother went to Philadelphia to visit friends and relatives. The dear home at "The Maples" had been saddened by the death of a beloved daughter, Harriet Hayes, my mother's namesake, and very dear to her. She did not go in vain, but was a great comfort to the stricken hearts there; she seemed to carry comfort everywhere she went. She possessed a heart "at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." After a week of rest and sweet personal communion with the bereaved sister and mourning family, she returned to her home, where the entire family were glad to welcome her once more. Bright and cheerful herself, she literally made others glad. All looked up

to her for the counsel and guidance which they never failed to obtain from her lips and life; they partook, more or less, of her vitality—of her spirituality. Her loved presence ever seemed to make crooked things straight, rough places smooth; and her hope and enthusiasm lent such a charm to life that even "bitter things were made sweet."

"Only for Jesus!
Lord, keep this forever
Sealed on the heart
And engraved on the life;
Pulse of all gladness,
And nerve of endeavor,
Secret of rest,
And the strength for our strife."

This thought—"Only for Jesus"—led my mother to yield to the constraining love of Christ, and to go forth as the Master did, to seek, not only the lost, but the lonely-hearted and heavy-laden,—those of His own fold,—who were discouraged, and who by some means had been turned out of the way.

In the year 1871 she thus felt drawn to visit Friends in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania,—attending their meetings, visiting families and also isolated individuals, in that section of her native state. She always spoke of it as a special favor and a kind provision of her Heavenly Father that she was allowed the com-

pany of her almost life-long friend, Elizabeth Baily, who was her faithful companion on this journey. Their first meeting was at Altoona, Pa., where were found two or three families of Friends. The next place visited was Tyrone, from which point they went to Bellefonte. Here they found a large company of Friends, and were most cordially welcomed and kindly entertained at the home of Isaac Miller and his bright, cheery wife, of whom my mother often spoke in tones of loving and grateful remembrance. Mother ever recurred to this visit as a time of refreshing joy to all their souls. They were joined by John Scott and his companion, and extended their journey to the neighborhood of Clearfield, which was north from Altoona, and farther in among the spurs of the mountains. The country was unimproved, and some of the travelling had to be performed by stage coaches, and over very rough roads. This was somewhat difficult for her, but she counted nothing hard which she was permitted to do for Him who did so much for her, and she relied implicitly on the precious promise of the gracious Saviour,—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This, she believed, was realized in her case, and thus was she wondrously sustained, even with her bodily infirmities, which would have rendered almost any one

else helpless. And so she went about doing good, fearing nothing,—often saying, "I always find a helping hand when I need it," her happy heart, with its overcoming faith, enabling her to ride upon the threatening billow, her head ever kept above the waves, as she trusted Him who is mighty to save. She often bemoaned her own weakness and folly, and has often been heard to say that she was "weakness itself," and frequently quoted the following lines of F. R. H. as appropriate to herself:

"I am so weak, dear Lord,
I cannot stand one moment without Thee;
But oh! the tenderness of Thine enfolding!
And oh! the faithfulness of Thine upholding!
And oh! the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me."

In this visit all hearts seemed drawn very closely to my mother, and yet she refused the meed of praise from human lips, often saying to them,—"I am but the humble though honored instrument used by the Holy Spirit to lift you up to Him 'whose we are and whom we serve;' to God belongs all the glory. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake.'"

After spending two or three weeks in this labor of love, my mother felt her mind relieved from the press-

ure of further service there, and after many tender farewells, spoken in the usual cheerful, hopeful manner, she and her beloved companion retraced their steps to Altoona. Here they parted for a little season, E. Baily returning westward and visiting relatives at Cleveland, while my mother sought needed rest and refreshment in the sweet home and quiet companionship of her sister at "The Maples." She went there very much worn and wearied in body, but her spiritual strength was vigorous, and her very soul seemed bathed in peace and joy; and, as that dear sister testified, she shed gladness upon all who came within the circle of her influence. While there she penned the following letter to the loved one from whom she had parted, and who had been so helpful to her, both on the journey and in the Gospel service, undertaken and ministered in so much feebleness of body:

WEST CHESTER, 8th mo., 17, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND E. BAILY:—Many a time has come to me the memory of thy parting look,—the quick-spoken farewell on the porch at Altoona,—as well as the pleasant memories of our united service in the various localities of those isolated Friends among the mountains, by whom we were always so cordially welcomed and cared for; and I had hoped, long before this, to have acknowledged my appreciation of thy help and comfort to me in many ways: in the

encouraging word, spoken in season; in bearing fatigue cheerfully; in vigorously waiting on my many infirmities with such uniform kindness in all our journeyings. But Sarah joined me the day after I reached Brother Isaac's, and we left in a few days for a week's rest at Atlantic City, then went to Burlington and vicinity, visiting nearly a week, and very much enjoying our friends at the several places, and returned to sister's on seventh day. On the third day following I was taken sick, and have been very slow in coming up to a tolerable state of health: have been to meeting but twice. So thou sees that time and ability to write were rather limited, though no lack of interest was felt. The past three or four days I feel so much better, that we think of leaving on second day next, the 21st inst., Sister Rebecca going with us as far as Altoona, and we may run up to "Snow-shoe" mountain top, if we feel like it, and stay a few days, as we think it will do sister good to take a little rest. We expect to reach Mount Pleasant about the 29th.

I hope thou reached Cleveland in safety and in season the evening after we parted. I arrived at Downington at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, where I met my Brother Isaac and Sister Rebecca, and we were soon in this truly hospitable home.

Notwithstanding a portion of my visit has been a time of extreme suffering, yet the consolation has abounded also, so that I have desired to possess a measure of the Apostle's experience, that "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," and that in all my Heavenly Father's dispensations I may be able to say, "Thy will be done."

I received a letter yesterday from Isaac Miller, of Bellefonte, telling me that their house had been consumed by fire, a few days previous. It caused me much sadness as

my mental eye rested on that pleasant, comfortable home, and where we had been so kindly entertained,—so soon a ruin. He and his wife are in Wilmington, Del., for the present. Please give my love to thy husband and all who inquire for me.

Thy sincerely attached friend, HARRIET STEER.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."

As soon as my mother was able for the journey, the contemplated visit to "Snow-shoe" was made, and thoroughly enjoyed by all; and, resting amid that beautiful mountain scenery, my mother and aunt were much improved in bodily health and strength. It proved also a time of refreshing to their souls:—"they drank of the brook by the way, therefore they lifted up the head." At the end of a week they left the mountain top, and down in the valley, where the shadows lie, another of earth's farewells was spoken; and, though faith-sustained, and with eyes fixed upon the "hills of God" where eternal sunshine dwells, yet it seemed a solemn parting, and it proved the last to these fond sisters. They were indeed clasping hands and looking into each other's love-lit eyes for the last time; but they knew it not.

"Oh! happy, blessed ignorance! 't is better not to know;
It keeps me so still in the tender arms that will not let me go;
It hushes my soul to rest on the bosom that loves me so.

"My heart shrinks back from the trials the future may disclose,
But I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;
So I keep the coming tears back with the whispered words, 'He knows.'"

And thus they parted in gladness, — my aunt to brighten her home at "The Maples," and my mother, with renewed vigor, was again graciously permitted to return to Cincinnati, where she so truly delighted to be. She had relinquished her heavy cares, for her health and strength seemed gradually giving way beneath her increasing infirmities and accumulating years, and she had been induced to give up, for a time, at least, the heavy responsibilities of a large family of boarders. And on this return, instead of going to her own home, she, with her brother and daughter, went to the rooms already prepared for their occupancy at a private boarding-house in Broadway, below 4th street. Here she experienced long months of intense physical suffering, and, though attending all the sittings of her Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Iowa, that autumn, yet she returned to be a constant sufferer, and a close prisoner to her one room for nearly six months. So sustained was she through this season of affliction, that not a murmur was heard to escape her lips. She was bright and happy all the time, and

of the many who visited her in her sick-room during that long winter of pain, but few realized that she was suffering at all, so completely did her mind soar above the bodily infirmities. She blessed and praised the Lord at all times, and for all the way in which He was leading her, often saying, "Though I am so unworthy, all my spiritual needs are graciously supplied, while even my bodily wants—more than its needs—are abundantly provided for. 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?'" Most surely of this loved one it may be said,—"She hath done what she could." She did indeed "take the cup of salvation," not only for her own sustenance and refreshment, but she joyously handed it forth to all the hungry, thirsty ones who came within the reach of voice or hand, "not only her lips but her life, not only her life but her lips," testifying for Jesus.

As the spring days grew warmer and brighter, her beloved physician,—"Cousin Doctor," as she often called him,—directed that she should be carefully treated for the time to come to fresh-air baths as often as she could bear them. She was accordingly helped down stairs and into a carriage, taking a short drive. The air and exercise did her good,

as usual, and this course of treatment was pursued for several weeks, she growing stronger daily, although the effort of getting down-stairs and up again was attended with great pain and suffering, inducing exhaustion from which it sometimes took her hours to rally; still it was persevered in until health and strength were renewed. It soon became evident that she could not have the comforts there which could be commanded in her own home. It was therefore decided that a smaller house than she had hitherto occupied should be secured, and she again assume the pleasant duties of a home, with no care of boarders. This was a delightful change to mother, and did much to renew both health and life. Her family was now limited to five or six in number, and the change was favorable for both health and comfort.

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"His blessed angel, Sorrow,—she hath walked
For years beside me, and we two have talked
As chosen friends together. And thus I know
Trouble and sorrow are not near of kin.
Trouble distrusteth God, and ever wears
Upon her brow the seal of anxious cares.
But Sorrow oft hath deepest peace within;
She sits with patience in perpetual calm,
Waiting till Heaven shall send the healing balm."

In the early spring of 1874 a sudden sorrow was permitted to come to the heart of this dear saint of the Lord. It came almost like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, without note of warning,—a telegram, announcing the hopeless illness of her precious sister, Rebecca Hayes, who, through all life's changes and sorrows, had been so lovingly devoted to my mother. The sad news fell with almost stunning power on the now aged loved one, who was at this very time herself ill in bed, and had been anticipating a promised visit from her sister to minister to her in these hours of sickness and suffering. Her ever kind physician read the telegram to her. She received the news calmly, as was her wont, as if she knew—as she did—the Hand that held the cup and asked her to drink it; she took it as from a loving God, whose fatherhood and the wisdom of whose love she never doubted. And, though words of comfort were spoken, and she was urged to believe she might hear more favorable accounts,—that "while there is life there is hope"—the dear one might be spared,—she refused what she felt was false comfort. "No, no," she said, "Sister Rebecca will never rally; and I believe she is even now dead, and they have only sent this dispatch to prepare me

for the worst." And it was even as she said, for in a few hours a second dispatch announced that the loved and loving one had passed away from earth, to be "forever with the Lord."

The entire unselfishness of her grand character was seen in that my mother grieved more for others than for herself,—for the stricken hearts in that desolated home at "The Maples," that mourning husband, the broken-hearted grief of the son and daughter; and almost immediately she rose above her own grief and infirmities, and her sickness even. The enfeebled powers of her body seemed to rally at once, and from that moment she felt they needed her in that saddened home. She dictated the reply, "Shall be unable to attend the funeral, but hope to be with you in three weeks." She sat up a little while the next day, and steadily gained. In a week or ten days she was able to respond to a letter which she received from the sorrow-stricken daughter, who was married and resided in West Philadelphia. The letter is dated as follows:

264 Race St., 3d mo., 10, 1874.

My Dearest Fanny:—Thy letter came this morning, and every word was most precious to us, and those words were written with many tears; so were they read and re-

read by us. Our souls are united as one in this great sorrow, and I feel every day I must be with thee, to talk of things we cannot write; the pen cannot reach the depths of our hearts. I think I am much better now, but have only been out once, as our weather has been unfavorable—cold and stormy: had a hard snow-storm yesterday, which will keep me a prisoner to the house still longer. I am sorry we directed thy letters to West Chester instead of Philadelphia, but can easily see thou could not stay longer with them then. Am glad they have some one, and I hope it will not be very long ere I can go to them.

I hope thou has by this time received Sally's letter, which was detained. Thy precious father and brother are before our sorrowing hearts a great deal, but we can and do commit them in their deep affliction to His loving power Who alone can comfort and sustain them. I am so glad they have been down to see you. I do hope thy dear H. will take care of his strength, and not be too feeble when the debilitating spring weather sets in, so as to prostrate him entirely. Thy photograph is excellent, and it is a great comfort to us to have it; it is very sweet, but we looked and looked until we could almost fancy it was baptized into sorrow; all our pictures look so to me when death comes. I will tell thee more about this, if it please our Father in heaven that we meet on His foot-stool. There is no peace, no joy, no true rest, until we can give our all to Him, and say, in the depths of our souls, "Thy will, O Father, not mine, be done."

Those little darling children! how precious they seem to me—no shadow over their young hearts; and I can appreciate thy deep struggle many a time to banish the least look of sadness from thy face for their sakes; and this is right

towards them, but hard for thee. But, dear Fanny, the blessed Saviour will help thee. Oh! He has already helped, comforted, and strengthened thee. Let us bless His holy name forever.

I had a letter from dear Rebecca Judkins after she had been to call on thee, which was the first we knew of thy having returned to the city. We did feel very grateful to her for several letters, giving us particulars, for of course we could not expect any member of the family to write. She also wrote the evening after the funeral.

I inclose thy precious mother's last letter to me. I have read it over and over again with a sorrowing heart. What joy her dear letters always brought! Just one short week after I received this letter that crushing telegram came. Oh! we have great need in this uncertain life to be so planted on the Rock of Ages as to be sustained under the severest stroke of His unerring wisdom.

Thy uncle and S. join me in love to all.

Believe me ever thy loving and tenderly sympathizing aunt,

HARRIET STEER.

Mother always knew when she was able for an undertaking which she was to enter upon from any sense of duty or religious obligation, so that often, when her friends thought her too sick and suffering to journey at all, she would mentally make her plan to start at a stated time. Her word was law, and no one doubted but that her faith would carry her through. So on this occasion of hastening to

the sorrowing group of survivors at "The Maples," there was a way opened for her to have suitable company. Her kind friend, Mr. Alfred Gaither, hearing through his little daughter, Lizzie, that mother desired to go, sent word that he intended leaving the first of the next week for Philadelphia, and would be glad to take her. Accordingly on seventh day she said,—"Sarah, I am able now to go, and shall accept the opportunity offered." She was extremely feeble, but as travelling always helped to restore her, she was encouraged and assisted to get ready, and the next second day morning started with Mr. Gaither in his private car. There were several ladies and gentleman in the company, and she had a most luxurious journey, without fatigue or expense, and her health improved from the time she started. She reached her accustomed destination—Downingtown—where she was met by the dear brother, though she missed the loving greeting of her sister. But she went to carry comfort, and not to indulge in personal grief; and her cheerful faith did much to help them meet and enter into life's duties without the sweet incentive of that loving one's presence. She took, so far as she could, the missing one's place, taking up her work, and cheer-

ing the sorrowing circle onward and upward. While helping them to take up the work the dear departed one had dropped, she wrote the following letter to her niece in Philadelphia, for whom, with her husband and little ones, they were all anxiously awaiting their coming to spend several weeks.

She writes,—

West Chester, 5th mo., 6, 1874.

Dearest Fanny:—On the fifth day after meeting we went to the station in the joyful hope of meeting thy husband, self, and little ones there, but were disappointed. I am longing to see thee, but want to be patient; thou sees I am trying to take a philosophical view of the subject in the continued anticipation of pleasure.

We have visited that sacred, quiet spot where thy precious mother's remains are laid, there to repose until the morning of the Resurrection. There is a hallowed feeling pervading the bereaved scene here that is a true comfort to the lonely hearts,—and we try to take up life's broken thread, with its duties, morning by morning; and the days, to me, are beginning to glide more speedily by than for the first two weeks. I do miss that loved sister wherever I turn. We missed thee too, when thee was gone, thy stay seemed such a moment of time; and dear little Helen, too,—all missed the brightness of her sweet young life from our midst. But I hope you will come soon, and arrange to stay as long as possible. Don't wait until all thy sewing is done; bring the button-holes here, and I can make them. I know, with so many little people, the item of button-holes in the family sewing is not small. We had a nice

visit at Westtown this day week. Poor Bettie feels that she has lost her best friend. Poor girl! she wept as if her heart would break while we were there.

I receive letters often from Sarah. She will be here as soon as her school closes. Says she must see thee as soon as she arrives, and can hardly bear to think thee is not to spend the entire summer here, and we all feel a good deal that way. I expect to have a colored woman here on second day, who we have a hope will be serviceable. Phebe and Nora get along nicely with the work, and I take up the repairing—and so glad to have the privilege. There was quite a number of pieces laid away to be made ready for the harvest work, and Phebe gave it to me all done up in a large basket, with the patches all ready, folded up by her dear hands. What a sad, sweet pleasure it is to carry out her plans for the comfort of the tired ones of the harvest field.

Hoping very soon to see thee, I will close, with a message of love to thy husband and little ones, desiring thee to believe me thy ever loving aunt,

HARRIET STEER.

P. S.—Sarah will arrive here one week from next third day. She is very much worn and tired from close and exhaustive labor, and I want her to go on to New Bedford after she rests here for a short time.

AUNT H.

After a week's delay the dear ones from Philadelphia arrived, and the home was brightened by loving hearts, and made merry by the musical patter of little feet, and gladdened by the laughter and shout

of the dear children who knew no sorrow. The youngest of the grandchildren, growing aweary of sadness and tears, which it was impossible to hide at all times, grasped her grandfather's hand one day, and in bright, cheery tones said,—"Grandpa, let's go and see Don: Don is n't dead!" (Don was a favorite dog.) And so the little child led the sorrow-stricken one away from gloomy thoughts to a glad appreciation of what was left of life yet to be thankful for. The "children of a larger growth" looked into each others' faces, caught the lesson from the baby lips, and made more successful efforts to be brave and cheerful.

Uncle Isaac, being thus surrounded by children and grandchildren, my dear mother was induced to leave him for awhile and take the journey to New Bedford, thus meeting and mingling once more with her cherished friends there, Uncle Isaac coming for us when the visit was completed. Thus, in the coveted pleasure of meeting with dear friends and doing what she might to lift burdens of sorrow from other hearts, my precious mother was constantly blessed, and improved physically, returning in the autumn of this year to attend once more her Yearly Meeting, which was a part of her very life.

Through the trackless years of all her pilgrimage, mother so believed the promises of God and appropriated them, that this reality of "unseen things" to her, and this practising belief in the goodness of God, gave her that uniform cheerfulness, and fearlessness, and buoyancy of spirit which were a constant wonder to many, and which have so often quieted the trembling heart of the writer, as she saw her mother attempt to do what seemed almost impossible. An incident on this point: At one time mother was extremely ill at the home of her kind relatives, S. and D. Howell. One night about 2 o'clock she waked me, and very quietly said,—"Sarah, I must go home in the morning." I felt that it was impossible, and could not be attempted; and in a few, and, as I thought, well chosen words, I tried to dissuade her from the thought. She listened so quietly that I felt almost certain I had gained the point. When I finished she did not speak immediately; she then spoke just as quietly, but a little more firmly,—"Sarah, I must go home in the morning, if I ever go, and what I say is more for thy sake than my own." She then turned over and went to sleep, but I did not. I pondered her words and manner in my heart, and, when I knew she was soundly sleeping,

I rose and packed our trunks, and made every preparation for an early start, and then lay down beside her and waited for the day. (I am afraid I forgot to cast out the anchors, for I was terribly tossed about.) As soon as it was light I went to my cousins and told them of mother's decision. They both said it would be impossible, and, as she was so sick and feeble, I must take the matter into my own hands and tell her she could not go. I said I had never done that in my life, and, sick as she is,—and aged and feeble — there yet was a power and a meaning beyond the common-place in what she said, and I should do as she said. When she awoke she was extremely feeble, but remarked that, though she had no strength, she had faith to go; remarked that she had but one earthly wish in regard to the matter, and that was that she could go in Elijah Thorn's carriage. Of course that was impossible, for they were miles away, and knew nothing of the new plan. Those of us who dressed and waited on this dear one that quiet, sad morning, knew the sinking heart and the anxious fears which were unvoiced in our every thought. Just before cousin went to get the horses, a carriage drove up to the door, —and it was Elijah and Mary Thorn!—had only

driven over to see how the loved invalid was. I looked up at mother—to a sweet smile lighting up her pale face, which said as plainly as spoken words could, "With God all things are possible"—even to bringing the carriage she desired, because it was easier for her to get into. We started,—and it was the saddest start we ever made. I seated the precious invalid as comfortably as I could, and took a seat in front of her; and though she did not look as if she could live to reach home, I dared not speak to her lest I should add to the trouble. At last, in answer to my anxious look, and as if divining my meaning and pitying my unexpressed agony of mind, she leaned towards me, and I bent to catch her feeble words;—they were these: "Sarah, the Lord God, who made heaven and earth, is my strength." With the vital touch, as of a living faith, my heart was thrilled, and I answered.—"Then we shall get home." At Xenia I stepped off the car, asked for a glass of rich milk, handed it to mother without words, went into the telegraph office and sent messages for carriage and helpers to meet our train, and started on again. At last we reached home. Our faithful Sara Stanton had a good supper ready, of which mother partook heartily. Soon

she retired to her own bed—safe at home. Sending for her "beloved physician," found he was absent in New York. From that very day she began to improve, and in a short time was as well as usual. Afterwards she told her peculiar experiences on that journey, and always closed with the assertion that she had to come then, if ever, alive. The incidents in this circumstance have been thus minutely narrated to show the power of her faith,—how it led her—what strength it gave her—what courage—what endurance;—and also to show how God honors true, unquestioning faith.

* * * * * *

1776

1876

This year of gladness to the nation, but of depressing loneliness to Uncle Isaac, led him to write, urging my mother again to go East and spend the summer with him. Accordingly several weeks of this memorable summer were spent with the remaining dear ones at "The Maples." Other invited friends were there who will long remember that happy summer-time. Mother was the centering point of attraction in that lonely home, and heartily joined in every effort that was made to enhance the

pleasure of the several visitors. To all who participated in the pleasures, the cares, and the joys of that summer it has its own memories, with which the "stranger cannot intermeddle."

While others were going daily, my mother made one visit to the Centennial Exposition, thoroughly enjoying a half day in the main building and in "Power Hall," her own choice. A rolling-chair was obtained, and she was rolled from point to point, which she herself chose. She also greatly enjoyed two or three rides on the open cars running around the inclosure of the park grounds. She remarked to a friend, at whose house she was guest,—"I have visited the Centennial, and have accomplished more than any other one who has been in attendance." "How is that?" asked her friend. "Well, I will tell thee;—I have spent half of one day there, and am perfectly satisfied," she replied. And it was conceded by all that her statement was correct. What she most delighted in while making her self-restricted rides seemed to be the Corliss engine, as she had her chair again and again rolled in front of this massive and wonderful piece of machinery.

During her stay at the home of her brother-in-law,

she had the great happiness of seeing all the members of her own particular family, Uncle Isaac having invited them all to meet there,—three brothers and herself being the only survivors of that large family. They were George, who resided with her; Gibbons, living at the old homestead, near Zanesville; and Samuel, the youngest of the family, whose home was in Iowa. It was a great joy to her thus to meet and mingle for even a few days with her own dear brothers, whom she so seldom met and to whom she was devotedly attached. During these days of reunion, much interest and Christian solicitude was shown on her part towards her brother Gibbons, the only one who was not a Christian. She talked freely and faithfully, though most affectionately, with him with regard to his eternal interests, reminding him of the comforting fact that every member of the family had died in the faith of Jesus; that neither he nor herself could have many more years to live; that, unless he should be converted and lay hold of the hope in Christ which had sustained them in the hour of death, and which alone was her hope and support now, it would be impossible that they should spend their eternity together, much as they loved each other here; that

only a vital union in Christ Jesus could avail to make earthly loves and earthly companionships eternal;—only being established on the Rock of Ages—Christ Jesus—could make our happiness permanent, and insure an eternity of bliss at God's right hand. Her brother listened patiently — even kindly—but yielded not, relying simply on his own honest endeavors to obey the "Golden Rule," as he said. And so the matter rested for a time, with him at least; but not so with my mother. She never ceased to pray for that brother as long as she lived. She was unusually bright and cheerful all these summer days, entering into the interests of all about her, and finding herself able to direct, aid, and encourage others, on whom the weight of care in this enlarged household rested.

When the set time came to "fold this cloth of gold," she bade a cheerful adieu to these quiet days of leisure and freedom from care, and returned with renewed vigor to her duties and privileges, as she called the routine of her every-day home life. Then followed, as ever, the long winter, and the renewed sufferings which were nearly always her portion in this colder season of the year; but to those who were constantly with her she seemed to grow more

and more into the likeness of Him who had become her "song in the house of her pilgrimage."

"O that faith may win the vision
That she so early won,
And gaze upon the splendor,
And own the cloudless sun,
And join the seraphs' song of love,
And sing,—'Thy will be done.'"

* * * * *

Her Birthdays.

"She is at rest,
In God's own presence blest,
Whom, while with us, this day we loved to greet;
Her birthdays o'er,
She counts the years no more:
Time's footfall is not heard along the golden street.

"When we would raise
A hymn of birthday praise,
The music of our hearts is faint and low;
Fear, doubt, and sin
Make dissonance within,
And pure soul-melody no child of earth may know.

"That strange 'new song,'
Amid a white-robed throng,
Is gushing from her harp in living tone;
Her seraph voice,
Tuned only to rejoice,
Floats upwards to the emerald-archèd throne.

"No passing cloud
Her loveliness may shroud;
The beauty of her youth may never fade;
No line of care
Her sealèd brow may wear,
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

"No stain is there
Upon the robes they wear
Within the gates of pearl which she hath passed;
Like woven light,
All beautiful and bright,
Eternity upon those robes no shade may cast.

"No sin-born thought
May in that home be wrought
To trouble the clear fountain of her heart;
No tear, no sigh,
No pain, no death, be nigh
Where she hath entered in, no more 'to know in part.'

"Her faith is sight,
Her hope is full delight,
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain:
Her wonted bliss—
What thought can follow this?—
To her to live was Christ, to die indeed is gain.

"Her eyes have seen
The King, no veil between,

In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed:
No earth-breathed haze
Can dim that rapturous gaze;
She sees Him face to face on whom her guilt was laid.

"A little while,
And they whose loving smile
Had melted 'neath the touch of lonely woe
Shall reach her home
Beyond the star-lit dome:
Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they too shall know."

As years were added to the life of this dear one, the interest deepened in the minds of those who were nearest to her, and in all those who loved her; and, as the rich light of the evening sun becomes more resplendent as it nears its setting, and throws backward its gorgeous coloring upon all the landscape, so, as she was nearing the end of her pilgrimage, the light she reflected upon other hearts, and upon all the wide landscape of her life, was "a duplicated golden glow" of the promised "light at evening time."

Thus each succeeding year ripened into richer fruitage and to holier living, and she became, to those who loved her most, more and more their

incentive to "go and do likewise," and their inspiration to nobler attainments in the divine life. And this is why her birthdays became "Red-letter days" in life's calendar for all who lived and breathed in the atmosphere of her love and good-will. There was a natural timidity and sense of ill-desert in her which rather shrank from special notice at such times, but her ever ready desire to enter into the plans and joys of others led her to so far forget herself as often heartily to enter into and enjoy these festive occasions. They often proved to be opportunities of personal blessing to both the visited and the visitor.

During the summer of 1875 my mother remained at home, and really enjoyed the quiet; and, though suffering was her portion, she was contented and happy. She was unable to get to meeting unless she could ride, and she was at last prevailed upon to have a carriage provided, which was done almost every meeting day. It was one of the joys of her being at home that she might thus constantly meet for quiet worship with the friends she loved so warmly. She never thought she had too much suffering, often saying, "I have not one pain too much." She has said many times she would desire

to live, even in the midst of pain, if she might be used to advance the cause of Christ on earth. She one day said,—"Sarah, I would gladly live fifty years more, and suffer every pain I have ever had, and endure all life's sorrows over again, if I might help save one more soul." God grant that she may so live again in these "Memory Sketches" that many souls may yet be saved through her influence and through her yet unanswered prayers.

Mother was mostly sick and suffering, but never remained in bed much; would insist on being up and dressed, ready for opportunities to do good, or to step into the carriage, if it was at the door in the proper time;—but if not—if the way did not open—she was equally satisfied; not a murmur entered her thoughts, much less escaped the lips. To my mother, most emphatically, "faith was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

It was during this summer that her birthdays became centering points of interest, for she had attained the advanced age of four-score years. This and the remaining "mile-stones" on life's highway were celebrated in some sweet manner, and by special remembrances from dearly loved friends. This summer her friend Emily Sherwood thought it would

be very nice to have an informal gathering of the Friends to greet my mother on the approaching 20th of 8th month. At the meeting on 5th day, which was the 19th, and which mother attended, the word was quietly passed from one to another that the following would be "Aunt Harriet's" birthday, E. S. taking the responsibility of saying to the Friends that mother would be at home, and glad to see any who could call. Such was the only announcement, mother not being consulted at all, but in a state of blissful ignorance of all the good cheer that awaited her on the morrow. She retired to rest, and slept well during the night, and, as usual, arose early to receive congratulations from the family. Before breakfast the bell rang, and some lovely flowers were handed in, with congratulations, from Dr. David Judkins, who would call later—as he did. When she was ready for the morning meal, which she was unable to take with the family, it was sent to her on a new tray, with a complete set of fine china, a birthday remembrance from her daughter, accompanied by the following note and poem:

THY BIRTHDAY, 8, 20, 1875.

MY PRECIOUS MOTHER:—If thou could know how gratefully I greet thee on this joyful day, thou would not say I

ought not to give thee anything. From year to year I have not dared to hope thou would be spared to me for long, and now that thou hast lived to see thy four-score years, how can I but be glad and grateful. Please accept this little gift, with the copy of the poem which accidentally fell under my eye only yesterday, and I have adopted the sentiments as expressive of our thoughts for thee to-day. If our Heavenly Father shall graciously add yet many years to thy already prolonged life, I will thank Him, and joyfully do what I can to smooth all thy journey to life's end.

I earnestly pray that His blessed promises may sustain thee in thy future as in thy past, and that they may be so appropriated as to gild in bright and precious rays of God's reconciled countenance thy pathway to the tomb; and at last may we rejoice together in the mansions of eternal rest and glory.

Affectionately, thy grateful daughter,

SARAH.

"To My Mother, on Her Eightieth Birthday.

"Beloved and loving! could a crown
Shed lustre on thy brow,—
Could earthly diadem enrich
The light that rests there now,—
We 'd bring to-day the offering
And lay it at thy feet,
And, with rejoicing voice and song,
Thy kind acceptance greet.
Too late! we fling the bauble down,
For worthier hands than ours

Have twined about thy spirit's brow
Wreaths of immortal flowers.

"Four-score to-day! And God's right hand
Supports thy footsteps still;
On bended knees, with thankful hearts,
We praise His loving will.
The river of thy life reflects
A light above the earth;
In its pure depths it holds the pearl—
The pearl of wondrous worth.

"And we, thy loved ones, day by day
Have conned the lesson o'er—
The lesson of a loving life,
And the sweet fruit it bore.
As little children, once again
We cling about thy knee:
Repeat the lessons of our youth,
Lead us toward heaven with thee;
Impart the wisdom thou hast gained,
And still, between each word,
May loving praises of thy life
From loving lips be heard.

"Children (though some be missing now)
Bring loving thoughts around;
May the good God send peaceful hours,
And heavenly joys abound.

May many years of life repeat
This festival of love;
And may we meet, some glad, sweet day,
In brighter realms above."

The day had but just begun. Soon as breakfast was over, a lovely Parian vase of choice and delicate design was sent by George Dean, and a box of beautiful cut flowers from his wife—both dear and valued friends. Meantime callers began to come;—it is impossible to name them all, but each hour seemed to add to the dear mother's enjoyment of fruits and flowers and friends, and the evening found her surrounded by some thirty-five or forty happy faces, reflecting the light of loving hearts. She herself seemed the happiest of all that happy group. A dear one who could not be present sent the following note, with some lovely roses:

95 E. Liberty St., 8, 20, 1875.

My Dear Friend Harriet Steer:—As I cannot go with Samuel to see thee this evening, I must content myself with the pleasure of writing a few lines to express my warm love for thee, and the desire that our dear Heavenly Father, Who has led thee all thy life long to this eightieth anniversary of thy birth, may be increasingly thy joy and support. I know thy testimony is to-day, that not one thing of all that the Lord hath promised hath He failed to perform.

And, thinking of thee many times to-day, I have remembered my own dear mother's enjoyment of a visit to thee, as well as the seasons of refreshment thy visits have been to myself; and I do hope, if not too much of an exertion, thou will be able to spend a day with me this summer,—it is so precious to speak together of our Father's love and goodness, so strengthening and encouraging. We can both say with the Psalmist, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;" and also these beautiful lines,—

> "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
> My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
> And when hoary hair shall their temples adorn,
> Like lambs in My bosom they still shall be borne."

Hoping that the year thou enters on to-day may be one of the happiest of thy life, one in which our dear Saviour's presence will be thy hourly joy, I remain, with much love to Sarah and thyself,

Very affectionately, thy friend,

A. F. H.

The bright eye, the unclouded intellect, the hearty zest with which she received the congratulations of relatives and friends, all proved that Time had touched her but lightly as he passed; she had seemed only to brighten with the lapse of years, and to grow lovelier with each day's duty done.

The following lines, written to celebrate the eighty-sixth birthday of Col. John Church, of Little

Compton, R. I., and presented to my mother by his son, John Church, Jr., are so appropriate to her whose eightieth birthday we now celebrate, that I feel sure Mr. Church will not object to its insertion here:

"He liveth long who liveth well,
And in the tents of peace shall dwell;
If footsteps falter, eyes grow dim,
The peace of God shall be with him.

"The peace of God be with thee, friend,
And gently lead thee to the end,
Crowned with the loves, the hopes, the praise,
And honor of thy well spent days.

"Believe it not that age is cold,
But say 'The loved are never old!'
The lingering twilight of that time
Is holier than our noonday prime.

"Oh! mellowed to a calm, well won,
Descends thy slowly westering sun!
And, hovering on the brink of heaven,
A rosier light to earth is given.

"Long be thy twilight, warm with love,
And filled with radiance from above,
Till in the golden dream of rest
Thou say'st thy last days are thy best."

The evening of that happy day closed with a precious grouping of the dear ones about the Father's throne, where each committed the other to the unslumbering care of the Good Shepherd; and supplications, with thanksgiving from loving hearts, entered into the ear of Him who stoops to listen to His children when they cry. Cheerful farewells were then spoken, and the company separated. It seemed a fitting occasion to be remembered and repeated—as it was in different places—on the return of that glad anniversary day, of which there were not many more to follow.

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"But side by side they flowed,—
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,
And both are sweet and calm,
And flowers upon the banks of either blow;
Both fertilize the soul, and where they flow
Shed round them holy balm."

Thus the mingling fountains of sorrow and gladness had shed peace upon the heart of my uncle like a dew from heaven. In the year 1877 he was married to one very dear to us all, and who brought with her the rich dower of love and light, of comfort and peace, to the home and to the heart of Uncle Isaac, who had long been so deso-

late, as well as to those who so often lingered in his house and called it home. To my mother, especially, this union was a source of great joy, and she who had gone every year to comfort and sustain him in his desolation and his grief was now invited most pressingly to join the glad circle in the home which seemed again to echo with the melody of other years. Ever ready to "weep with those who weep," she now most gladly responded to the invitation to "rejoice with those who rejoice." So that season found her there, in her usual health. It was truly to her and all a glad, bright summer, very restful to weary ones, the peace and joy reigning there being in such restful contrast to the loneliness and gloom which had held sway for nearly three years. Not one of all the happy company who gathered there during that summer-time of "living love" seemed more to notice and enjoy the change than my mother, whose cup of earthly happiness was often replenished from the overflow of other lives.

My uncle, and my aunt who was no stranger to us, but beloved for years, and whom mother now greeted as "Sister Mary," desired to show their love for her in some special observance of her approach-

ing birthday. After much consultation, plans were adopted of which the following letter from my aunt will give a somewhat detailed account. That day, the place, the surroundings, the gathered friends, are memories to be cherished always. But the letter, written at my request, and just now received, will better tell of that lovely day and its celebration.

WEST CHESTER, April 27, 1887.

MY DEAR SALLIE:—Thee asks me, as a tribute to thy mother's precious memory, for some recollections of her birthday in the year 1877, at which time you both formed a part of our happy household at "The Maples." I may not be able to recall all the incidents of that day and evening, but some of them have left an impression on my mind, as well as on the minds of others who were present on the memorable occasion.

To recognize this eventful day as should seem befitting had been the subject of both thought and discussion for days previous, though there had been no consultation with the dear one regarding it, as we well knew that, with her accustomed unselfishness, she would discourage any demonstration which might involve time or labor in her behalf. After perfecting arrangements, reminding her of the approaching day, it was suggested that some of the relations and friends, who intended to make her presence with us the occasion for a visit, should be summoned in an informal way at that time; and to this her consent had been gained. Most of these were welcomed on the evening before the birthday, and it was a happy and cheerful company that

surrounded the breakfast table on the following morning. From the lips of dear "Aunt Harriet" were uttered words of thanksgiving for (as she expressed it) unmerited mercies and comforts of which she was the constant recipient, and gratitude for the joy of again mingling with so many loved ones.

Early in the day came a sister-in-law (her brother Enoch's widow), and so engrossed was she in conversation with her as to be unmindful of the movements of the other members of the household, who were unitedly making preparations for the later hours of the day. A few friends had been invited to meet her socially at the evening hour. Some of them, finding it impossible to do so, called during the day, offering congratulations, and bringing, as tokens of remembrance, fruit and flowers. Just at the sunset hour we gathered in the dining-room for the evening meal, with us the invited guests. This was an especially social and happy hour. The most noticeable attraction upon the table was the birthday cake, surrounded with beautiful flowers and evergreen, tastefully arranged at a suitable space from the cake, and within this space, encircling the cake, were three circles, one within the other, of eighty-two lighted candles, the number being representative of the years attained by "Aunt Harriet," as she was lovingly called by most of us. At the conclusion of the meal she was conducted to a seat in the parlor. On raising her eyes, she saw on the opposite wall, in letters of living green, the text which loving hands had wrought,—"At evening time it shall be light;" and in another place in the room—just above the arch over the door into her sleeping-room—in large figures, were the two dates,—"1795 and 1877,"—these, also, in living green. The sight of evidences of affection induced some sober thoughts

and reflections, as well as some of joyousness. And as one after another of the company came in, and they grouped themselves around her and filled the room, a holy silence brooded over the bright and happy scene,—a silence soon broken by Friend Hannah Bean, who first spoke of the sunset of that evening, which was almost unparalleled for gorgeousness of coloring, and had elicited from her and friends, in their approach to the house, exclamations of delight. This wonderful beauty of earth's landscape was compared to life's glorious sunset of our beloved one, whom all who knew honored and loved, and whose years of usefulness and devotion to the Master's service made the sunset of her life bright. Her example as a faithful follower of the Lord was made the subject of address to all the company, the younger portion of it being especially exhorted to let their days be spent in doing the Lord's work, that when life's evening should overshadow them they might look forward to their eternal home with joy.

Then words commemorative of the occasion were spoken by Friend Joel Bean, after which Aunt Harriet, in great tenderness, addressed all, referring to the goodness of God as manifested in His care of and love for her through a long life, and the assurance she had that His sustaining arm would uphold her until she should be called to exchange the earthly for the heavenly home, and closing with an earnest plea to each one—the youngest present—to be wholly the Lord's servant, doing His will as it should be revealed. After a short interval of silence, Friend Hannah Bean, in supplication, besought the Lord's blessing to rest upon the united household, praying that each heart bowing at the footstool might be filled with the peace that passeth all understanding. And when, a few moments later, the social

greetings were resumed for a little time, it was to welcome some who had arrived during the sweet little religious service which had been enjoyed. And when at last the farewell words were spoken, all felt they had, through the influences of the day and evening, been brought to a closer communion with our Heavenly Father, and there were glad thanksgivings uttered for the privilege of participating in this happy event.

Very imperfectly have I given this account of the bright summer's day, but I trust to thy kind heart to excuse any omission or redundancy which may be discovered in it. May God help thee in the loving work in which thee is engaged, and make the "Memory Sketches" recorded by thee a blessing to all by whom they may be perused.

Lovingly, thy friend, M.

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"We know not what 's before us,
What trials are to come,
But each day passing o'er us
Brings us still nearer home."

In the fall of 1877, after returning from that restful visit at "The Maples," where had been such pleasant meetings of loved ones, all unknowingly mingling for the last time, my Uncle George, the brother who had sat in the seat of honor at the table for so many years, was taken seriously ill from the effects of a neglected cold, which developed into pneumonia. The disease never yielded to the rem-

edies used, and after an illness of just four weeks, involving untold suffering, he was mercifully released from the infirmities of the flesh, and entered into life eternal. He was graciously prepared for the great change, and permitted to leave an assuring testimony of his acceptance with God, through Christ Jesus our Lord. All through his illness my mother was confined to her room in another part of the house, only reaching his bedside twice. This was greatly regretted by all, as the dear invalid sadly missed the comforting words which would have doubtless fallen from her dedicated lips. He died at early dawn on Sabbath morning, 11th mo., 30, 1877. As mother was unable to attend the funeral, his body was not buried at once, but laid in a vault for a few weeks. When at last he was laid in the final resting-place, there was no special service at the grave, and no accompanying friends, but mother spoke very impressively to, and prayed earnestly for, the kind men who had prepared the grave and so tenderly performed the last service for the dear departed one, reminding them of the time—and perhaps the nearing time for some—when such a service must be done for each of them, most earnestly supplicating for them all the needed grace

for that steadily approaching hour. There were three men, and one after another was seen to bow lower the head and wipe the tears from eyes not often used to weeping. After the work was done, one and another came to her to thank her for her interest, her words, and her prayer in their behalf; they had almost forgotten they had souls, so seldom were they thus remembered; but, as she talked personally with them, they promised to remember her words, and try to be prepared for their change when it should come. And when, a few years later, one of the three performed a like service for this dear one who had prayed for them at the brother's open grave, he said to the writer that he had never forgotten her words nor his promise, and he hoped to meet her in heaven. One of the men had died, another had moved away from here, and only he remained of those whose lives had been blessed by her timely words. "A word in season—how good it is!"

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In the autumn of the year 1878, when returning from the last visit to "The Maples," my mother had a most pleasant visit at the home of her dear cousins H. and E. B. Baily, while the little dwelling which was to be her home was being

prepared for her reception again. There are sweet memories of this visit — this home-coming — which are indelibly impressed upon the minds of those associated with them. They cannot be effaced; neither can they be spoken by tongue or pen so as to prove beneficial to any others.

All who knew my mother well knew with what joy and comfort she became the occupant of the little home at 342 West Eighth street. It was 9th mo., 3, 1878, that she came. How vividly are even the smallest incidents of that coming impressed upon the mind. She came as one who had, after long wandering, at last found her home. She was joyously bright, and delighted with everything that had been prepared for her. "Just under the eaves of the sanctuary," she said, "where, if I am unable to go to meeting, I can see the friends gathering to to the house of God, and they can come in and see me." She very often said, "The peace of God rests on our little home, and He abides with us." She never wanted to remove from this home until carried to her last resting-place, and her desire was granted. She still took her usual summer journey and visits; still returned each autumn to make her annual pilgrimage to Richmond, Ind., to attend her

beloved Yearly Meeting; but ever returned to her home with joy, and always said on coming into it, "Oh! how precious this little home is!"

For several years after this she greatly enjoyed the social gatherings of some of the friends, who came in after meeting on fifth days to partake with her of a cup of good tea and a simple lunch. But after a time she became too feeble and helpless for even so small an exertion as that, and then friends began to prepare a lunch at the meeting-house, so that when able to attend meeting she thus enjoyed the social intercourse there. All who participated in them will recall with what cheerful delight she mingled with her dear friends on these as on all other occasions, always having words of cheer for those who needed them, and speaking encouraging words of guidance to the little children, if any were present. She loved the children, and never seemed to forget how they need the helpful, loving counsel of older Christians.

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"Where, where are all God's lessons,—
His teachings, dark or bright?
Not lost, but only hidden
Till in eternal light
We see, while at His feet we fall,
The reasons and results of all."

Before the summer of another year dawned upon us, my Uncle Isaac was seized with an illness which ended his life, and left a bereaved household to mourn his unexpected death. This was another startling blow and shock to my dear mother; but, feeling that the bitterness was not hers alone, she again went East to cheer and comfort, if she might, the sorrow-stricken hearts that mourned. She did not fail in this mission of love to the sorrowing. She was permitted to "comfort those who were in trouble by the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God." It was a memorable time to her, and one to which she often referred as one of blessing to her own soul, in that she was used of God in blessing others.

The memorable birthday passed with tender, grateful memories, but without special notice.

Much of mother's time in these summer visits was spent at the farm rather than in the city, as the relatives and friends residing in Philadelphia were generally away from home at the season when mother was in the East. She frequently spent a week or ten days at Atlantic City, and at Burlington, with her dear friends, where she was always so cordially welcomed. But this summer of 1878

was mostly spent in the quiet, restful seclusion she so much needed, and which she ever found in the sweet home at "The Maples," which had for so many years been her sanctuary from a crowded city's heat and dust.

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"If at His gate He keeps thee waiting now
Through many a suffering year,
Watch for His daily 'afterwards,' and thou
Shalt find them even here.

"The ripe fruits of the Spirit thou shalt lay
At thy Beloved's feet,—
The ripening clusters growing day by day
More full and sweet."

The frequent chastenings of her Father's hand, as she was passing through life's disciplinary school, had seemed at times grievous, but the pledge of her blessed Saviour in Paul's "nevertheless afterwards" had been tested, and now the results were seen in her "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith."

Again, about this time, my mother was suffering from the troublesome ankle, which was sometimes better, sometimes worse, but always causing more or less pain and great anxiety. An incident in this

connection again so forcibly illustrates the mighty influence of faith upon her character, and her almost perfect acquiescence in the divine will, that it is recorded here to the glory of His name who supplied the grace which unfailingly led her

"Through duty, and through conflict too."

Some Christian friends desired to meet and join with her in prayer for the perfect healing of the diseased ankle. She believed in prayer and in a prayer-answering God, and was glad to join with them for this object. After a long spiritual talk, in which all freely expressed their views and convictions, my mother closed the conversation with these words: "I never claimed anything of my Heavenly Father, not even salvation, but gratefully accepted it as purchased for me; and to all my prayers I ever add these words, 'if it be Thy will.' And now," addressing the one who was to lead in prayer, she continued, "if thou asks anything for me, thou must say, 'not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done.'" Accordingly all kneeled down, and one united, fervent prayer was offered, that, if it was in accord with the Lord's will, the ankle might be restored, and this dear one relieved from pain and

infirmity. It was a sweet and blessed season, where all felt the influence of the Holy Spirit, and that we had been drawn by Him very near to our Father's throne, where we earnestly sought grace to help in our time of trouble. Before we rose from our knees, mother poured forth from a full heart a prayer of trust and thanksgiving, pleading for blessings, spiritual and temporal, upon the little company kneeling at the cross. Then they separated, each to her own home, but were to come again and again, asking for the faith which would command the blessing asked.

Many precious talks were had with the dear one after the little company of two had departed. In the mean time there was a beautiful, calm light, as if reflected from the cross, and a submissive tenderness as well, depicted in the countenance of this precious sufferer; but the lame ankle did not get well, and one day, in dismay, the dear one discovered that the well ankle was rapidly inflaming and becoming sore, and giving increasing pain. But to all impatient remarks and expressions of faltering faith in the efficacy of prayer, she said, — "My dear, I am so sorry to have thee feel so; I understand it all perfectly. Prayer has been answered,

but it has not been in our way. Yes, I do understand it all now; the answer comes to my own heart,—'My grace is sufficient for thee;' and my heart sends back the response,—'Even so, Father, for so it seems good in Thy sight.'" And, being alone with me, she placed her dear hand in mine and said, with a look and voice of complete triumph and self-abnegation,—"Why, Sarah, I was just as happy when that well ankle became sore as I could possibly have been if the sore ankle had been made well." "Well, my dearest mother," I said, "that is a triumph of faith to which I have not yet attained;" and I was completely overcome. Tender, loving, pitying tears came into her eyes. Then, bowing her head on her hand, she made an earnest prayer for me,—that trust in all God's promises might be established, and that I might have a more perfect—even an overcoming—faith." Surely "the blessing of her prayers is not yet exhausted."

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"With comfort that He never ceased to give
She filled the emptied chalices of other lives;
And time and thought were thenceforth spent for Him
Who loved her with His everlasting love."

For long years my mother had been most lovingly

associated with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Trevor, who had from time to time cordially welcomed her to their hill-top home, where she always loved to be received by these friends—so dear, so tried, so true. Her affection for them was akin to that a mother feels for her children, and when going there felt that it was only to her other home that she was for a time to enjoy. It was her privilege frequently to be there for weeks together, and enjoyed the feeling that she was counted as one of the family, not only by the united heads of that consecrated household, but by their precious children, the dear invalid sister, and the good and faithful servants, who ministered so largely to her comfort when there. These seasons were indeed times of refreshing to both body and mind. In times of joy she was welcomed to complete and sanctify that joy; and not only then, but when the keen edge of sorrow and woe was piercing their souls, she was summoned to stand by their side, to lift up for them the cry to God that He would let the cup of sorrow, which was so bitter, pass from them; and in her prayer to weave the oft-repeated plea of "nevertheless, Father, not our wills, but Thine, be done." But the dreaded blow was not to be averted, and the

wise and loving Father took a little one from their embrace.

> "The Master came Himself, and gently took
> The little hand in His, and gave it room
> Among the angel harpers."

And into this bitterest of earthly sorrow my mother closely walked with them, for she knew grief itself by name, and by its nature too, and she was thus peculiarly fitted to minister sympathy and consolation in this hour of their soul's agony. Ever after this sad event in their history my mother's life seemed more than ever linked to theirs, and she prayed much for them, that in His own time the Holy Comforter would speak to their hearts that which it would be impossible for human lips or lives to tell—of "the oil and the wine" of a divine consolation, which alone could heal their broken hearts and teach them to "lean hard" upon Him who "wounds but to heal," and that they might be brought by memories of this darling boy into a closer walk with God. And thus my mother often prayed for them, and lived to know that they had indeed bowed their spirits in humble submission and a tender resignation to the will of Heaven in this bereavement.

The following little poem was written, not for this occasion especially, but by a mother who had herself drank of the same cup of sorrow, and which my mother had intended sometime, when the dear, sorrowing friend could bear it, to send to her; but the time came not, though she often read it, and thought it would be a comfort to them in their sorrow. It was found among some of her papers, marked "For J. E. T.," and is recorded in these "sketches" from her life, in her name. The picture may now appropriately have the two-fold mission of presenting in memory's mirror not alone the cherub boy, but the aged saint as well, in perfect beauty of contrast, together, hand in hand, as they were sometimes seen walking here,—now treading the fields of light and glory in the midst of imperishable flowers, even the types of which they both so loved while they were on earth; they loved each other then, they are doubtless together in glory now. In my mother's name, then, the lines are repeated here, in the hope that they may bring sweet comfort to all the hearts who so sadly miss "little John," your angel boy.

"Oft in clouds a picture—
A beautiful picture—I see,

Of hands that have long been folded—
Folded away from me.

"Through clouds that are glad with sunshine,
Through clouds that are dark, I see
Those same little folded hands
Ever beckoning to me.

"The picture is ever before me,
Whether awake or in dreams,
Beckoning onward and upward,—
Ever upward, it seems.

"And I feel with each day's burdens—
Burdens oft heavy to bear—
That beyond the clouds and the sunshine
That picture still is there.

"No! 't is not the beautiful picture,
'T is the darling himself, made fair,—
So fair,—with the Saviour's presence
Shining everywhere.

"And when I am sad and weary,
Weary with each day's care,
I will think of the waiting angel,
Waiting, beckoning, there.

"Oh! my beautiful blue-eyed darling!
Will you still, when I come to be
At the golden gate up yonder,
Be beckoning to me?"

A few years before life's close, mother had suffered from a severe attack of illness, and, when sufficiently recovered to make the change, was taken to her "dear Mt. Auburn home," as she called that of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor; but soon after reaching there she was again attacked with an illness which developed into acute pneumonia. She was alarmingly ill, and, when her physician first saw her, he thought she could not recover.

Nothing could exceed the kindnesses bestowed upon her at that time by the dear friends in whose home she was taken ill, and where she would most likely die. But the prompt remedies, the absence of the least friction on the part of the patient, and, above all, the blessing of God upon the means used, together brought her safe back to life and health once more. Both mother and daughter appreciated the whole-hearted kindnesses received during the long stay there, for her convalescence was slow. She said, "This is laying up treasure in heaven; this is a display of unmerited love which I can never repay;

but the Comforter shall whisper to their hearts His sweet 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'" As mother had expressed a desire to see once more the brothers whom she had met at the Centennial, they were sent for, and came while she was yet too ill to see them; they also were entertained in this wide-hearted home. When mother was sufficiently strong to bear the removal, she was taken to her city home, as she was anxious to be in her own house before the brothers left for their widely separated destinations. She gained rapidly after coming to the city, and was soon able to enjoy their visit, which was continued somewhat longer than they intended. Here in her own home my mother renewed the conversation so unsatisfactorily dropped in the Centennial year—the solemn question of the salvation of her brother Gibbons. She found him in much the same state of mind, but there was a certain something in all he said which led her to feel he was resisting very earnest convictions of the Holy Spirit. After the visit ended and the farewell words had been spoken, not as usual with cheerful hope, but in silence and in tears from all our eyes, my mother continued much exercised in her mind about "Gibbons,"

as she called him. So great was this anxiety, that it was feared her own strength and health were being injured, and she was earnestly exhorted to give up this anxiety, which seemed undue, as the Saviour must be more concerned for his salvation than she could be; and would she not just bring him to the Lord in the arms of her faith, and leave him there, and rest from this wearing anxiety about his final salvation? She listened to all that was said, and then, with a deep solemnity and great deliberation, as if weighing the import of every word uttered, she said, "Sarah, I must agonize in prayer for that brother as long as I live, and have the control of my mind." Her whole aspect and manner rendered further remark unnecessary. The health of Uncle Gibbons was rapidly declining, and dear mother also growing more feeble. A number of letters were written as she dictated, and answers received. She was thorough and faithful, yet compassionately tender in all her questionings and remarks. After a while a return letter held words like these: "Tell sister Harriet that I now see that there is no hope out of Christ." To a superficial thought this seemed satisfactory: now surely mother will take comfort and rest. Being appealed to, she

said, "It is an advance, but he is not on safe ground; he does not say he has that hope as an anchor to his soul!" She dictated another letter: "I long to know, my dear brother, it thou hast accepted for thyself that hope of mercy which is in Christ Jesus? . . . . Are thy feet planted on the Rock of Ages? Nothing short of a faith like this can save thy soul. All other ground is sinking sand." The letter was sent: answer came not speedily. Months rolled on into years, and still her prayers continued to ascend, until at last—yes, at last—a letter came bearing this message from Uncle Gibbons: "Tell sister Harriet that I have accepted her Saviour. I have the hope in Christ of which she told me. My feet are at last fixed on the Rock where hers have so long rested." This was glorious news; but, alas! it came too late to comfort the heart of the precious, faithful sister who had prayed for him for years. The mental forces were broken: she no longer held control of her thinking powers.

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"Dear is my wealth of love, from many and valued friends,—
Best of the earthly gifts, that a bounteous Father sends;
Pleasant the counsels sweet and the interchange of thought;
Pleasant the twilight hour, friendship and brightness fraught."

In the summer of 1880 my precious mother made her last visit East. The pen almost falters, and eyes are dimmed with tears, as that word "last" is recorded. And although the word be sad while it is looked upon as the light of memory shines upon it from the standpoint of the Now, yet it was nevertheless a visit full of happiness then, and of restful communings with loved ones of other days and other scenes. Love was a crowning grace in my mother's character, "a diadem of beauty," shining out from her whole life and living. She was always glad in the love she received from friends, but supremely happy in the ability to love them in return with a love which but few bestow upon others; and this reciprocity of affection seemed an antidote to old age: the "loved and the loving" never grow old, never!

The first part of this visit was to her very near and dear niece, who has been mentioned in the earlier pages of these "Sketches," the only daughter of her only sister, and the tie which united them was one of tenderness and affection; her husband, also, and their three daughters, were charming to my mother. She always felt at home, so warmly was she welcomed there, and with such a heartsome gladness as was

very winning to one of her temperament. She had for her friends a measure of the love which Jean Ingelow so sweetly expresses,—

> "I love thee to the level of every day's
> Most quiet needs."

And thus she went forth in this visit to greet her relatives and friends, and to be greeted by them, in this spirit so attractive to kindred hearts. She was no unwelcome guest anywhere, for she carried sunshine into hearts and homes alike. Time would fail to name all the dear ones whom she visited. It was wonderful, the opened doors into which she entered—nieces, nephews, cousins, friends. One of her homes in Philadelphia was at the house of her dear cousins Geo. H. and R. C. Here she was delighted to be also, and had often been welcomed and lovingly ministered to. Often has she been heard to express the regret that she could only be the receiver of benefits, without the power to bestow like favors upon others. But her grateful and appreciative heart accepted every favor as a "perfect gift," not only from the earthly friend, but also as coming down "from the Father of lights, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Among the many pleasant visits of this memora-

ble summer was the one where she was so joyously received into the new home, but with the old love, of her cherished friend P. E. C., the loved and lovely one who had for many years cheered my mother on her way, and to whom she was linked by ties of precious memories, as well as of true religious fellowship. The reunion was such a one as can never be forgotten. Dear P. E. C. and her happy husband were in their quiet country home, to which she had given the appropriate name of "Sunset Haven;" and truly it was a haven, upon which rested continually a brigher glow than ever earthly sunset gave, even the pure and steady light which was reflected from her own sweet presence, in which she let the light of love and joy and peace fall upon all around her, so that it seemed more like to heaven than most earthly homes do. In the peculiar atmosphere of this home mother was very happy. The visit lasted several days, and truly sweet was the "interchange of thought," and nothing could exceed the kind ministrations of this dear one and her happy husband. When at last the parting time came, Phebe placed in mother's hand a little gift of loving care and affection, accompanied with the following lines and the scripture quotations,—

"He will keep the feet of his saints."
"Even to old age, I am He; and even to hoar hairs I will carry you."

To Dear "Aunt Harriet."

FROM P. E. C.

"God bless thee, aged Christian,
And speed thee on thy way;
Beam brightly on the closing
Of thy dedicated day.
The shades of eve are lengthening,
But clear those shadows fall,
No cloud on thy horizon,
No darkness to appal.

"Thou hast nobly borne thy burden
In the vineyard of thy Lord;
And the new wine of the Kingdom
Will be thy rich reward.
Thy tent of earthly pilgrimage
A ruined heap shall be;
But above are many mansions,
And there is one for thee.

"Then faint not, aged pilgrim!
Still upward turn thine eye,
And read, through beauteous vistas,
Thy title to the sky;

But these are feeble glimpses,
Unworthy to compare
With the bright unbounded rapture
That shall shine around thee there.

"All heaven shall ring with jubilee:
The whole celestial choir,
Exultingly, triumphantly,
Shall strike the golden lyre;
And angel to archangel
Shall with melody respond,
To greet thy sainted spirit
When it bursts the mortal bond."

This minute account has been dwelt upon at length because of the peculiarly near and dear affection which had existed for so long between these two; and also because only a few short months ago this friend, so beloved and so needed in her home circle and in the world, heard the call she was so well prepared to hear, yes,—

"At last, the gentle tone was heard that falls
In all mysterious sweetness on the ear
That long has listened—without fear;
* * * * *
"'Friend, come up higher!' So she took that night
The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendor, shadowless and broad,
Into the everlasting joy and light.

The zenith of the earthly life was come:
What marvel that the lips were for a moment dumb?"

And as my mother pursued her journeyings and her visits, her steps seemed led from brightness unto brightness all through this summer. When the stay at "Sunset Haven" could be no longer prolonged, the parting hand was given, and a cheerful hope expressed for the next meeting, little deeming it would be amid so much of brightness.

The next visit was at Burlington, where many times before my mother had been welcomed. Again was she met and greeted as ever, and the friends never seemed weary of ministering to the necessities of my mother. She spent another quiet week there, not going about much, but able to see all who called. She was twice privileged to sit with her dear H. T. a little while, who, though very feeble, was able to give a glad welcome to my mother. Her sweet, quiet, expressive welcome was something to be desired and remembered. Here, again, one is reminded of the heavenly paradise by the earthly home of beauty and of peace. "What a lovely place to go to heaven from." Returning to Philadelphia, she rested a short time. Though it did not weary her to travel, yet the constant visiting and being visited did; and she was

kept quite still until she went to West Chester, which she did on the 22d of 8th mo.

There was cause for a touch of sadness in this visit. There had been changes: the loved home at "The Maples" had gone into other hands, but she was welcomed into the new home on East Washington street, —a consecrated, precious place it was,—where aunt Mary, with her sister Anna, from New Bedford, had made a home. This visit was not very long, but full of good cheer and heavenly sweetness. All hearts seemed comforted in being together.

On the return westward she stopped for a short time at the home of her dear relatives, S. C. and D. S. Howell, where she was most cordially received, and delighted to greet, for the first time, the dear little one that bore her name,—then only about three months old. Mother really enjoyed this sweet babe, and was both surprised and pleased with the compliment to herself in the name; and their affection for each other, which grew with the growth of this dear child, was something quite remarkable.

The autumn found her well and bright and happy, and at her Cincinnati home again. Those about her realized, as she did not, her onward progress in the path that was to "grow brighter and brighter;" but

the day, the perfect day, the dawn which should never know another night, was not yet come: the watchman's cry still was, "The morning cometh, and also the night."

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"Through the trackless year before me,
Holy One, with me abide!
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me,
Be my ever-present Guide."

In the spring of 1881 she again spent a few weeks at Mt. Auburn, taking with her the wheel chair. She greatly enjoyed the freshness and beauty of nature, as the trees were robing themselves in their spring colors. She would sit for hours in her chair on the broad veranda, drinking in the beauty all around her, which filled all her soul with grateful joy. She often said, "Well, I have lived to see these trees once more decked in living green." Many dear ones called to see her, and it was her delight on such occasions to speak the "word in season," which was in some sweet way ever dropping from her lips. In the summer, after the visit at Mt. Auburn closed, she went to Cos. S. and D. Howell's, at Selma, once more to greet the little namesake she had seen but once, and enjoy the hearty welcome

of these dear relatives. Mother was not without her constant accompaniment of pain, but was generally so borne above it as to be able to go to meeting; so that the little company who were accustomed to gather there for worship began to regard her as a mother indeed who had come to visit her children. The morning of mother's birthday, which could not be forgotten now, came; and on giving my usual greeting, and wishing her joy, she said, "Why, so this is my eighty-sixth birthday, and I am so glad Cos. Deborah has not done anything about it—has she?"—looking so earnestly into my face that I had to tell her that I believed Elijah and Mary Thorne were to drive over to call upon her, and also told her I had no doubt others would call, as Friends generally knew that it was her birthday. She seemed satisfied with this, and said she would be glad to see them: they were all very kind to come. She had a restful morning, and when in the afternoon carriages began to arrive she was all ready to be greeted. After all were in and seated in the sitting-room, cousin D. came for us, and, as walking was a very painful effort for her, I drew her out into the sitting-room in the large rocking-chair in which she sat. She was surprised, indeed, to find herself surrounded by thirty-five dear

friends, whose greetings and congratulations were very cordial to the warm, responsive heart of my dearest mother; and of all that rejoicing group she seemed the happiest of the happy. An elegant repast, most of which the dear friends had brought with them, was served on the long porch, where most of them could be seated; but mother, with a few dear ones to bear her company, had theirs served in the sitting-room. It was a joyous feast, of which all partook with feelings of gratitude in their hearts. Some children were present, and were not overlooked by my mother, who always greatly enjoyed the company of the young. It was on this day, too, that little Harriet Steer Howell took her first step alone! She had been walking by chairs and props for some time, but on this birthday of her "Aunt Harriet" this little one asserted her independence of chairs and apron-strings. The evening shades advancing, friends were reminded of the miles which lay between them and their homes; and they who had given so much pleasure to my mother parted from her,—some of them never to see her again until together they stand where there will be no more parting, in that "land of pure delight" where the inhabitant shall never say, "I am sick."

And thus the summer ended, and the season of return to the city home came, and she again took up the routine of her busy life gladly, and was among her own people.

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"Our life moves on:
There is no pause in its perpetual tread."

Autumn passed into winter and winter into spring, and thus the steady procession of the days and months as they march on brings this dear saint to the summer-time of another year, when she decided for herself that she was not able to go East again at the earnest solicitation of her numerous friends there, saying that at her time of life she preferred to be nearer her own home, alluding to a fear that she at times felt lest she should be away from here at the time of her death. She therefore most thankfully accepted a very kind invitation from Cousins Samuel and Anna Richie to spend the season with them in their delightful home at "Burr Oaks," near New Paris, Ohio. She went sometime in the month of July. This was a lovely rest in the "road of life" for her, and everything that a self-sacrificing love could devise was done by those dear cousins to make the sojourn in every way

pleasant and improving to mother. She never seemed to enjoy herself more anywhere, and said, —"We are in the right place, and what could be more satisfactory than such an assurance." The dear cousins in that consecrated home seemed so glad to have "Aunt Harriet" with them, and the social and religious joys of that quiet, restful summer were not a few.

The birthday of this cherished and honored mother occurred on the Sabbath day that year, and, as mother was unable to attend meeting, she and I had the morning alone, spending it in sweet personal intercourse, which was so soon to end. She took my hand in hers, as she had done many times before when we had been left by all others, saying, "We never tire of each other, do we?" and, with a smile of love which only she could give, added, "I have all the world when I have thee." Oh! the tie that bound us to each other was both tender and mighty.

"For death
Has only parted us a little while,
And has not severed e'en the finest strand
In the eternal cable of our love:
The very strain has twined it closer still,
And added strength."

On second day, the 21st, she was able to accept an urgent invitation to the home of her great-niece Hannah White, who, with her husband, had desired to commemorate the birthday of this aunt by inviting all the relatives who could be reached. Mother was anxious for this meeting with loved ones she had not seen for long, and accordingly rode over to Cousin Joseph White's in the morning, the dear ones from "Burr Oaks" of course accompanying her. There was quite a large company of cousins and cousins' children who assembled at this bright and happy home to greet "Aunt Harriet," "Great-aunt Harriet," and Great-great-aunt Harriet." It was one of dear mother's feeble days, when perhaps she would better have been quiet at home; but she knew she could never again meet them all together, so that will-power of hers, ever earnest to "do good to all as she had opportunity," and to exchange loving words with loving friends, surmounted many difficulties; and thus she was there in the midst of this large circle of those who loved her, and who were in return loved by her. It was a day not to be forgotten,—a day of almost heavenly enjoyment, —and yet so full of earthly solicitude to those who had the special care of her and realized just how

feeble she was in body. Yet so entirely did dear mother "mind the things of the Spirit," that she rose above the "bodily sense," and was cheerful and talkative. She had a sweet little personal interview with each one present, she occupying an easy chair, with the painful ankle made as comfortable as it could be on the "rest," which was taken wherever she went, then one by one drawing close to her side and having this little separate talk with the honored loved one, the conversation only occasionally becoming general and again assuming the individual form; and this was desirable, as mother was too feeble for much exertion of her conversational powers. At an earlier hour than had been planned Cousins Samuel and Anna decided that mother must go home, and a reluctant consent was gained from the dear cousins at whose house we were enjoying so much with the assembled friends. The inevitable farewells were spoken, and the reunion of her last birthday on earth was closed,—but with no deep sadness, for there was such a loving, fervent hope expressed of soon meeting where "affection's cup has lost the taste of tears," that the sting of the parting hour was extracted by the triumphing faith in the "Grace that leads to glory."

A letter from mother's friend Emily Sherwood, whom she loved and prized, is inserted here, which shows that other dear ones were thinking of her with loving thoughts. The Cincinnati friends had not forgotten her on this anniversary day.

NEWPORT, KY., 8th mo., 20, 1882.

DEAR AUNT HARRIET:—Surrounded as thee is sure to be to-day by loving friends, and listening to warm greetings and hearty congratulations, I knew there would be yet an unfilled space in thy cup of happiness if thy Cincinnati friends should fail to think of thee; and so I thought I would tell thee how lovingly thy name was spoken to-day —with what thankfulness—that thee is spared to complete another year, with wishes that it might be the dear Father's will to grant thee many more years of health and peace on this side of the river.

Then followed lists of names, with "Love" from one, "Loving congratulations," "Best wishes," "Tell her we often think of her," "Kindest regards," and many others. These messages with names attached, and the newsy, chatty letter, were all very acceptable to mother, and were fully appreciated. The letter closes thus:

Our meeting to-day was small, but it was very good. Soon after we sat down, a strange lady prayed; several spoke, among the number William Mitchell—spoke on the Saviour's washing the disciples' feet, etc. . . .

Love to you both, hoping soon to see you; and wishing thee peace and joy through all the remaining days of thy pilgrimage,

I am, very affectionately, thy friend,

E. N. S.

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In the autumn of 1882 mother was able, as usual, to attend the Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Iowa; but, though bright and active in mind, and able to receive and bestow much comfort by thus mingling with her dear friends, there was yet a feebleness of expression in all her movements, which she, as well as loved ones about her, recognized as the beginning of the end." At the closing sitting of the meeting my mother rose to her feet, and, with great strength and firmness of voice and manner, spoke of the uncertainty she felt of ever again mingling with them in that capacity, but added, in substance, that as "secret things belong only to God," she felt great peace in leaving it all to Him, and pronounced a tender benediction on all those upon whose shoulders must for a time rest the responsibilities and the burdens of Society affairs; and before she closed, in the deep quiet of those waiting moments, she spoke the solemn farewell which many said afterward seemed to be the last: and so

it proved. Her work was not all done, however; her cup of suffering was not quite full. But her mind soared far above and beyond the weakness and the pain, and she yet prayed to be used as long as she should live in the great work of saving the souls of those for whom Christ died.

In her work-basket, which was ever at her side, lay a bit of paper, which she often took up and read and reread from it; then, with tear-dimmed eyes, would replace it in her basket and resume her work, or, as was frequently the case, bow her head in silent prayer. She was much in this silence before the Lord, and had great nearness of access to the throne of Grace; and then, not to nullify her own prayer—nay, more—positively to become the instrument in God's hand to work out their answer, she omitted no personal effort—lost no opportunity—to speak a word to any whom she could by any possibility reach. She knew she of herself could do no good to any one, except it were given her of God, and so she learned the value of obedience to the divine command to "pray without ceasing." The little poem in her workbasket, which she so often read, embodied this constant prayer of her asking heart, and is recorded here for the benefit

of some who want to do service for the Master, and yet may not have seen or embodied its words in their thought. It was my mother's motto, and her guaranty of successful work. It is from the gifted and consecrated pen of Frances Ridley Havergal, and is entitled,—

"The Worker's Prayer.

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone:
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children—lost and lone.

"Oh! lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet:
Oh! feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

"Oh! strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers on a troubled sea.

"Oh! teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

"Oh! give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as for Thee,
To weary hearts in needful hour.

"Oh! fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,—
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

"Oh! use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,—
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."

She did accomplish a great deal of Christian work this year — did not give up at all — but kept most thoroughly alive and interested in all the concerns of this life; was cheerful and buoyant and uplifting, often helping the writer up to the point of actual enthusiasm when worn and weary, and a little "discouraged because of the way." Returning from the work of the day, she would be "looking out" for me, and, with her sunny greeting and a sympathetic recognition of the burdens that had been borne, she would, by this tenderness of love, dispel all fatigue and unrest, and in a few minutes

would be either reading aloud some lovely thing that had come under her eye, or talking cheerfully of that which had occupied her during her hours of aloneness. On being asked if she had wanted for anything, or if the time had seemed long and wearisome while keeping her day-long lonely vigils, she always loooked the picture of full content and happiness as she replied, "Oh! no indeed; the day has not seemed long at all, and the Lord has made me so happy that I have not wanted for anything." But she would add, "I have thought of thee a great deal, and prayed that thee might get along nicely in school." Oh! those sustaining prayers—how they are missed! and that cheerful welcome whenever I came into the house,—"Bless thy heart!" It requires Grace and the special enablings of the Holy Spirit to feel that I must be without them for the remainder of my journey, be it ever so short; but I want to trust for the Grace which was "sufficient" for her.

She was often too sick to be left alone, but, after providing everything she could possibly want, she was left thus, cheerfully saying the daily adieus. One day, on returning a little earlier than usual, the precious one, who had been alone all the morn-

ing, was found sitting in her easy chair, with her watch open and lying on her hand, her head resting on the back of the chair, and she fast asleep. Standing quietly by her side for only a moment, she opened her eyes, and the satisfied smile she always wore when her "prop" was come illumined her face as she said, "Oh! thee has come." Being asked "What is thee doing with thy watch, mother?" she answered quickly, and with a twinkle of merriment in her eye, "Watching for thee." She often said she took care of herself while I was absent, but when I returned her cares and burdens rolled off; —so we grew nearer and tenderer and dearer to each other with every day of life together.

Soon after her return from Yearly Meeting she had the great joy of receiving as guests in her humble home the precious friends whom she had so often visited at West Chester, Pa., Aunt Mary Hayes and her sister Anna. Their stay was not long, but it was a delight to mother to have them with her, even for a season. They were accompanied also by a niece and sister from New Bedford,—the latter one of those to whom these "Sketches" are dedicated, one who had once called "Aunt Harriet's" house "home." These two dear ones from

New Bedford made their home with friends on Mt. Auburn, but joined the sisters here for one day, which was a joyous time to all, and called up dear associations and memories of the past. It was all too short, but its sacred moments and opportunities seemed, not only to mother but to all who participated in its joys, as if stamped with "God's everlasting love," as mother's interpretation of the happiness of that day and that whole visit could only come from Him "Whose nature and Whose name is Love."

"Yes, there it stands, O love surpassing thought,
So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious;
Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,
Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious!
And this great love for us, in boundless store:
God's everlasting love! What would we more?

"Yes, one thing more! To know it ours indeed,
To add the conscious joy of full possession.
O tender grace that stoops to every need!
This everlasting love hath found expression
In loving kindness, which hath gently drawn
The hearts that else astray too willingly had gone."

It was a happy day, in which many mingled; and two of that company are even now in glory—in the immediate presence of Him who then drew all hearts nearer to each other by the silken cords

of His own love. The parting-time came, and the only tearless one was this dear mother, who said that even if we did not meet again on earth the parting would not be for long to any of us, and "scarcely worth while to say farewell, so soon to meet again." The following extract from a letter written by my aunt after my precious mother had gone to taste the cup of glory which would sweeten earth's bitterest woe, is best inserted here. It is dated

HOME, Oct. 30, 1883.

MY DEAREST S.:

Just one year ago to-day I spoke the last farewell to thy darling mother! It was very hard for me to turn from her, for though I did not positively believe I should never see her again on earth, look on her dear face, or hear again her loving words,—yet the possibility that such might be the case would press itself upon me; and with every thought of her passing to her eternal reward was mingled a keen sense, not only of my own personal loss, but of the terrible desolation that would be thy portion when thy home and heart must be bereft of thy dearest earthly joy. . . ."

But to return to the year 1882. Its winter was, in some respects, a hard one for mother,—at least so it seemed to the one who was a constant witness of her sufferings; but to mother nothing seemed hard. She often said, "So unworthy, and yet every

untold blessing crowding my daily path, mercy from first to last." To the writer it was a winter of sweet privilege, ministering to one so beloved, drinking in the teachings from her lips, listening to and joining in her prayers. Almost every hour of its days and nights is impressed upon the mind by treasured pictures from its passing weeks and months which hang on memory's walls; while ineffaceable lines of love are written all over the sensitive "red-leaved tablets of the heart." I thank God for these memories of my life.

. . . "Saviour, Thou knowest the story;
Weak is the heart I now lay at Thy feet;
Sinful and sorrowing; yet for Thy glory,
Cleanse it and heal it from sin and deceit."

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"Still onward to my quiet home,
With yearning, glad endeavor."

The swiftly passing years, and the nearing time when she, too, was to hear the call of "Friend, come up higher!" showed no decline in the desire of my mother to do what she might for the good of all about her. She not only seized upon the opportunities which presented themselves to her observation, but she eagerly sought for others, and was always happiest when busiest about her "Father's business."

The great flood of 1883, which produced so much suffering and want among not alone the poorer classes, but among all who lived in the flooded districts, aroused in my mother's heart a desire to help in the arduous work of ameliorating the sorrows and sufferings of those afflicted ones. Having dear friends in New Bedford who were on the alert to help, they decided to send to my mother such articles as they could,—and wrote, asking her if it would be taxing her too much thus to consign to her what they had to send. Mother was delighted to accept the trust, and wrote to that effect; and could she have walked, she would have travelled up and down the streets of the flooded districts, seeking the hidden ones who suffered so greatly because they would not apply to the public relief committees. A box and barrel of very nice garments of all kinds arrived from these friends early in March, and mother at once converted her little parlor into a store-room. Nothing was done for some time by her but to receive the reports of names and needs, brought to her by two dear friends who visited the families, and then assisted mother in selecting the garments needed, and then carrying the supplies to the needy ones. And to

mother that large box and that wonderful barrel were inexhaustible. She often said, with a joy-beam in her eye, that nothing was catalogued as a want but that the supply could be found somewhere in that box or in that barrel.

Through this private charity, in some way, the "Union for Good Works," a charitable institution in New Bedford, heard of my mother's agency, and decided to ask her to become its almoner, which she gladly did, and thus continued her efforts in the same direction. Mr. S. G. Morgan was president of the organization, and Mr. Frederick S. Allen treasurer; and, after the necessary correspondence between them and my mother, the work was inaugurated, without "red tape" and without "public relief committees;" and surely no one ever saw my mother happier or more completely "carried out of herself" and her own disabilities. Mr. Morgan desired that the garments and bedding sent by their society should be distributed outside of Cincinnati, in some of the towns which were so fearfully devastated by the overflowing waters. Mother at once selected a suitable lady, who was a personal friend, of tender heart and sound judgment, to go with the goods, distributing them as she found the

real needs. Lawrenceburg was the principal point chosen. The reports were very satisfactory to mother, and she in return reported to the president in New Bedford. Beside this one hundred dollars' worth of clothing, mother received the following letter: "Enclosed please find check for fifty dollars from the 'Union for Good Works' also. It is for you to dispose of as you see fit; this, as well as contents of the box, to be used at your own discretion. We are glad to have it sent to such a reliable source for distribution." And the treasurer, a personal friend of my mother, said,—"I was never before identified with a charity when I felt such perfect satisfaction as to its distribution." And the gentleman who donated the fifty dollars to the "Union" had her likeness placed in his hand. He looked at it, and handed it back, saying, "That face is enough for me." Thus everywhere was she honored; but every remark which had the least approach towards exaltation of herself was always checked with "No, no; to God belongs all the glory."

"I'm a poor sinner—just nothing at all—
But Jesus Christ is all in all."

Mother acknowledged the check, and felt so rich with that amount in her possession to do good with,

she made it go very far, the largest amount given to any one person seldom exceeding one dollar; it went in dimes and quarters mostly, and it lasted a long time and made many hearts happy. She kept a strict account of every dollar so spent, and, when all was over, it was found by her auditor that she had encroached upon her own slender resources to the amount of twenty dollars and forty-two cents. Thus, near the close of her busy, precious life, she was actively engaged with the interests vital to others, literally fulfilling her Saviour's injunction, "Occupy till I come," and blessing all whom she could reach personally, or through the assistance of others. It was nearly two months that my mother thus devoted time and strength to the distribution of this charity. The following is an extract from the secretary's report, read at the Annual Meeting of the "Union for Good Works," in New Bedford, the autumn after my mother's death—after all her work on earth was done:

From contributions received from various citizens of New Bedford, your committee received $223.20 for the purchase of garments which were to be sent to the sufferers from the Ohio floods. Two hundred and thirty-nine garments were accordingly forwarded to Mrs. Harriet Steer, of Cincinnati, for distribution. Mrs. Steer, a member and minister of the

Society of Friends, after a life of practical good works, has lately died, at the age of eighty-eight years, honored, respected, and beloved.

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"Be quiet; fear not."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

"Precious, precious to Jehovah is His children's holy sleep;
He is with them in the passing through the waters, cold and deep:
Everlasting love enfolds them, softly, sweetly, to His breast;
Everlasting love receives them to His glory and His rest."

After the flood subsided, and she had done all the work she could in that direction, both my mother and the friends nearest her realized the strain she had been under, and saw she was greatly exhausted by this constant exercise of her sympathies and the conscientious effort made to carry out the wishes of the donors in the prosecution of the work in hand. As usual, when the warm spring weather came, her ever faithful friend from the "Hill-top House" came to ask the dear weary one to go and take a good rest in its quiet shade. I shall never forget the day, and Mrs. Trevor will not, for mother had been very sick, and had kept her bed for a few days,—was quite languid, not much appetite, and the pain evi-

dently getting a little the upper hand of her. At sight of Mrs. T. and the sound of her cheery, well known voice, she brightened up almost immediately, and thought she would be able to accept the kind invitation extended to her, and that she should be able to go in a few days. The very prospect of the change from routine to rest did her good like a tonic;—the wearing pain was better, and she was soon able to sit up again.

About the middle of May she was able to ride out some, and one bright, sweet day she was taken to Mt. Auburn, where she received her ever cordial welcome. The visit—all of it—was delightful to my mother, and it did seem to be so to all in that home. She was able to see many dear friends while there, who called to talk with her for a little while, and she always had the same sunny greeting for them. Her strength improved, and she seemed to renew her vitality,—began to talk of visiting the dear ones at Selma and at "Burr Oaks" when she should gain just a little more.

After remaining for six weeks in this lovely home, she proposed returning to the city. To all their kind efforts to have the visit yet prolonged, she urged that we had availed ourselves of their gen-

erous-hearted kindness as long as we should. She adhered to her plan, however, which was to be at home by July 1st. The carriage was ordered to call for her, after dinner, on the 30th of June. It came accordingly, and she started. As she walked out to take her seat, we all noticed how much firmer and better she could walk than when she was taken there. It was then hard work to get her into the house. We said adieu at the side of the carriage, and then drove to the city. Once more in the little consecrated home, which our ever faithful Sarah Stanton had made ready for us, mother seemed satisfied and thankful. She now more willingly acknowledged the pain of body, which was at this time very severe. But school duties were over for the summer, and uninterrupted attention and ceaseless care could now be given to the precious invalid, and she would be better soon. She enjoyed our home-coming, and that evening of June 30 will long be remembered. The early dawn of July 1 was beautiful, and mother was up at her usual early hour, very bright and hopeful.

At a backward glance upon those July days the heart falters, and the pen fails to tell of their hopes and their fears, their conflicts and their victories.

Every day is indelibly impressed upon the mind; but the very poverty of words prevents the reproduction on paper of thirty-one pictures of memory, which would present to the dear friends who kindly peruse these pages the minutest details of those days, in their fainter shadings and more brilliant colorings. But the experiences of them, with their unutterable emotions, anxious forebodings, and heart-crushing fears, lie all too deeply hidden to be told with tongue or pen, and only the daily surface-life can be portrayed. Thank God! this surface view is much of it very pleasant to look upon. Mother was fully sustained, and very cheerful most of the time. She was able to enjoy seeing me make preparations to attend a wedding on the 3d instant; was at the window to see me start, and again at the window to see me return, an hour or two later. She then wanted to know all about the wedding, and how the "bride" looked, for my mother was interested in her as one for whom she had often prayed, and never more earnestly, as she assured me, than on this her bridal day. And may my mother's evening benediction drop down upon this dear one as long as she lives.

The first day meeting she could not attend, it

being held up-stairs, but the following fifth day she was wheeled in on her rolling chair; and it was a great delight to her to be once more with her friends in their quiet worship,—these friends, whose love "she counted like no other." After meeting she stayed and took lunch with them, remaining socially until the members scattered to attend upon their various missions. Then she consented to be wheeled home again. She insisted on going up and down stairs daily, saying it was much more healthful to make the change, and to sleep up instead of down stairs. She had not given up the idea of going away for a part of the summer, and planned several times for the proposed visits to Selma and "Burr Oaks," but the out-look grew daily more uncertain, until both plainly saw there was no hope of improvement, and each avoided speaking to the other for fear of giving unnecessary pain.

Her faithful and most tenderly beloved physician would have been at her side long before this, but that he was detained at the sick-bed of his daughter, who was seriously ill at the East,—so ill that he could not leave her. My mother declined having a stranger, desiring greatly to wait until Dr. David

Judkins returned. Thus the time wore on, and the accustomed remedies were used with varying success. The last time she attended meeting was on a fifth day, near the middle of the month. She was quite feeble, but so glad to be there once more, and the friends very glad to have her, that she stayed until quite late into the afternoon; and then she was so nearly exhausted, from the strain of company and constant conversation and quietly endured suffering, that she could scarcely get up to her room; but she persevered, and reached there at last. After dressing the ankle and giving such restoratives as were at hand, she said a few words about the coming end—only a few—for she was not able to converse; and they were about all she was ever able to say. She acknowledged the intense nature of the pain, saying she never had known suffering like it, and that if she lived much longer her mind must give way: she could not endure it and retain her senses much longer. Seeing this affected me fearfully, she seemed to understand my agony of heart, and in her usually calm way she smiled and kissed me, saying, "Now, my dear child, be brave and fearless; thee has done all thee could; and while I do feel my utter unworthiness and great mental and physical

weakness, yet my blessed Saviour is with me, and I have not one doubt to dim my spirit's vision, and 'I know in whom I have believed,' and 'I fear no evil.'" She at that time consented to consult a physician, and we decided to call Dr. McKenzie. But her mind was much shattered even now. That mind, which had never before seemed to yield to the pressure of pain, now gave way before the combined forces of disease and remedies and age. She told the doctor all about herself, and how she mourned the absence of Dr. David Judkins, but that now she would resign her case into his hands, archly asking him if he was a "man of God." He gave her anodynes, doing all he could to quiet the terrible pain, which could not be endured any longer. She was always glad to see her doctor when he came, and he could often influence her when no one else could. She had intervals of comparative ease, but was not quite herself, though even in the midst of a half consciousness she had often very pleasant thoughts and words, knew all who were around her, and greeted all who came to see her with something of her wonted gladness. She often talked in pleasant undertone, weaving her words into musical cadences. She asked, "What day is this?" On being told it was

first day, she said, "Oh! this is meeting day: I must go," and adjusting herself somewhat on her pillow, she folded her arms, and was very still for a few minutes, and then she began in a strain something like the following: "Dear friends, the Lord requires a whole consecration. He will not accept any half-hearted service: then draw very near, and do not fear. He will lead you beside the waters clear. Be not dismayed; be not afraid. He will lead you, He will feed you; and He can keep you, and He will, if you lie still, and do not fear while He is near." And on and on thus, until exhausted nature caused the sounds to die away into a sleep, or the returning pain would rouse her to the realization of intense suffering, and the soft cadences would swell into agonizing screams, which were terrible to hear.

She was always, in sickness or in health, very fond of flowers, and many were now sent to her, and never failed to soothe and comfort her mind, and centre it on God. The sight of the beautiful flowers seemed to put tender thoughts into her mind; they made her for the moment natural, and she always asked, "Who did send them?" and always responded with some pleasant word or message for

the givers, showing she recognized them in a measure, and knew where to place them. The flowers Abbie Newton brought were handed to her, and on being told who sent them, she said, "Oh, how kind! Give her my love: I always loved the Trevors, all of them,"—and then she looked up into my face with an inquiring smile and asked, "Did I get that right?" "Yes," I told her, and then the pain was recognized again. She had some flowers from the Ninth-street Church one Sabbath, and being told at once where they came from, said, "Oh! they are lovely; no ostentation there. God made the flowers. Yes, I love Sarah's friends; I love the Baptists; I love that Ninth-street Church; I love Dr. Duncan, a Godly man," and with an earnest, searching look into my face, said, "I want him here; but no set service;—thee understands, Sarah, thee understands, does thee? I want him here." And when assured that all should be done as she desired, she would cease the strain and be quiet for a time. One more incident about flowers: It had been a fearfully trying, agonizing day: she had no rest of body or of mind; felt that she was not at home; called on me several times to know if I "could or would give her any explanation of the mystery of her being here,

instead of in that peaceful home." And then to soothe her I would say,—"Mother, dear, thee could not travel with such a painful ankle, so here we are for a while; but when thee is able to travel, then, mother, dear, thee is to go home." She would lie quite still, with her sweet eyes gazing into mine, and when I would stop talking, there would gather into her face a look of pleading agony, and she would say,—"O Sarah! home as quick as possible, home as quick as possible with me!" Is it any wonder that I wove into my heart's constant cry to God this prayer,—"Oh, Heavenly Father! home as quick as possible for my mother"? Surely no one could want her to live any longer, when every breath and every heart-throb was one of agony. Well, it was on a day like this, of unrest to the suffering one, when a few most lovely roses were sent to her by her dear A. A. Warder. When handed to her, and told who had sent them, in soft and natural tones she said, "How kind she is!"—and raising herself on her elbow she rested, and took the flowers in both hands and smelled of them, as with a wistful tenderness of voice, and eyes filling with soft tears, she said, in her naturally loving voice, "Jesus had thorns, and I have only roses. I wonder what it means." And

thus she would seem to forget her pain in the vision of the flowers. Flowers did her much good, and many were sent, many dear ones ministering to her in that way. One dear friend sent her fresh cream on ice every day for two weeks, that being the only nourishment she could take. The days and nights were much alike—one long agony prolonged; it took two or three all the time to minister to her necessities. Dr. McKenzie was very kind, coming at all hours, and often soothing her when we could do nothing. It was a trying time, in which human strength failed. Many of our dear ones were away from the city—Dr. David Judkins's entire family, and dear Mrs. Trevor, for whom mother called again and again. Mr. Trevor called every day: once mother saw him. She was so glad, saying, "Well, John Trevor, I am glad to see thee; it is so good to see a man relation." Thus she claimed him to the last; but she was not strong enough to talk to him any more at that time.

My pastor Dr. Duncan, and his wife, were about leaving us for their new field of labor, and thus the closing July days passed one after another, until the last one came. On that evening her "cousin doctor," as she familiarly called him, returned; and

late as it was when he arrived, he came to her bedside; but she could not recognize him fully. He administered one potion of medicine which I had tried in vain to induce her to take;—he then left, saying he would come in the morning, which he did. He looked at her in silence, and said, in answer to my question, "The struggle will not be much longer," and left to see the attending physician. The dear one spoke but few words that day, only rousing from the effects of morphine into conscious agony, so that when she would sink into this death-like sleep from the anodyne given, all hearts with one accord, as it were, seemed to lift up the prayer that the compassionate Saviour would take her home without one more pain. About half past two o'clock in the afternoon she sunk into a heavy sleep, from which her awakening was glorious; for the awakening was not on earth. Her ransomed spirit had been set free from pain and suffering. Her last three breaths were long groans, growing longer and fainter, until she went away without a struggle, at half past four o'clock on fourth day afternoon, 8th mo., 1, 1883. Instead of the agony of parting, I felt for the time only the gladness of great joy, in that I knew she, the dearly loved

one, was forever free from the pains, the sufferings, the sorrows of earth; and I rejoiced, beholding only the heaven side of the picture, and I can say with the sweet singer, "F. R. H."—

> "Let Him write what He will upon my heart
> With His unerring pen. It is His own;
> Let Him write!
> Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word
> But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave
> One that shall shine forever to His praise,
> And thus fulfil my deepest heart desire."

Dear friends were with me, a nurse also, whom I had called to my aid a few days before, and Sarah Stanton; together we prepared the body for the grave, and then she lay in the majesty of death.

That evening many friends called, among them dear Dr. and Mrs. Duncan, who were to leave the next morning for their new field of labor at Rochester, N. Y.; but Dr. Duncan kindly proposed to stay until after I should lay my precious one away in the last resting-place — the grave. We made what preparations we could for the funeral, and then all friends left and we retired for the night. There had been eleven nights of untold agony before this one of peace and rest. Tired nature was

so exhausted that sleep very soon came to strengthen and refresh.

I had thought that if I slept the awakening would be fearful; but it was not, at all, so sustained was I by that heavenly vision of her perfect rest and happiness;—and to add to this glory-view, a telegram was placed in my hand in the morning, which announced to us the death of Uncle Gibbons "at half past two, the 1st of August," two hours before my mother passed within the "Pearl Gates," there doubtless to be greeted first of all by that brother for whom she had agonized in prayer so long as she held control of her mind. What, beyond our comprehension, must have been the joy of that meeting in glory,—to go together, to be greeted by their Lord, who had redeemed them from sin, and whose blood availed to present them to His Father "faultless in His glory's presence."

"Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,—
While the one whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you. Lost, 't is true,
By such light as shines for you:
But in the light ye cannot see,
Of unfulfilled felicity,
In enlarging paradise
Lives a life that never dies." —*Arnold.*

"Past all pain forever,
Done with sickness now;
Let me close thine eyes, mother,
Let me smooth thy brow.
Rest and health and gladness—
These thy portion now;
Let me press thy hand, mother,
Let me kiss thy brow." —*Bonar.*

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"When from my gentle sister's tomb
In all our grief we came,
Rememberest thou the vacant room?
Well, hers was just the same that day,—
The very, very same."

The sacred stillness of death rested on home and heart alike, but there was no anguish, no darkness at all; but, instead, a sweetness which seemed "like a benediction after prayer." Surely never was loving Christian sympathy more effectual in its mission of comfort to the sorrowing than on the occasion of this precious one's funeral. Instead of weeping, and the habiliments of woe—instead of this, it was as if a band of angels were hovering over the scene, and the lonely heart was receiving comfort by the whispered breathings which echoed this song of faith:

"What are the whispering voices?

* * * *

They tell of a golden city,
With pearl and jasper bright;
And of shining forms, that beckon
From the pure and dazzling light.
Then a rush of far-off harpings
Blends with the voices clear;
And I know that the night is passing,
And I know that the day is near."

And then, too, there was an absence of all selfishness of grief. It was not as if one alone were feeling the natural sorrow and the supernatural rejoicing, but rather as if all hearts there were mourning the death of a mother, and rejoicing together at the thought which gladdened all hearts, — "No more pain!" She was a mother indeed to many loved ones in that large company, but "the wilderness and the solitary place were made glad, and the desert was made to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Long before my mother's death she made some requests with regard to her funeral. Among them, she desired to be taken to the meeting-house, but particularly requested that her body should not be carried up-stairs, and I prevailed on Friends to have her plans carried out. Accordingly a few friends gathered at the house August 3d, at 2.30 P. M., and the kind friends who served as pall-bearers carried her into the room where she had so

often met with them and others for worship. The little company followed, and we were soon seated about the precious remains, in the midst of a large company of gathered friends. They were those who loved her that came there that day;—not only her own, but all denominations of Christians were represented. The services were necessarily long, but strictly under the direction of Friends, as she requested; all were at liberty, however, for the Spirit of the Lord was there. Old and young, rich and poor, gathered in silence about the cold form of the one they had loved so long and so well.

Those who were present at the funeral need not to be reminded of the peculiarly hallowing influence which pervaded the scene; and to those who were not present it would be impossible to convey an adequate conception of the power there was to lift all hearts in adoring faith to Him who "bears our griefs and carries our sorrows." One friend writes thus: "I never attended such a funeral before. It seemed to me that we could almost see beyond the 'Pearl Gates,' and witness the scene as she heard the plaudit, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' And its influence on me was to make me feel I wanted to consecrate my life more perfectly;

that it was worth everything to have lived such a life; and it was an inspiration to me to live nearer to God, to be thenceforth wholly consecrated to His service."

Many took part in the services,—Friends, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists,—all testifying to the Grace of God which made her what she was to individuals and to the church. Daniel Hill, a minister from another meeting, was present; and a beloved niece of my mother's, Cousin Anna S. Richie, and her husband, were from Smyrna. This dear cousin spoke beautifully of the power of Christian influence as exercised in the life of this departed saint;—she also appeared in supplication. This dear cousin has since been called up higher, and has taken that "one grand step beyond the stars;" and they now rejoice together.

"An epistle of God, known and read of all men," was H. T. Miller's theme, and he gave some beautiful testimony to her life and walk as a Christian. Then my pastor, S. W. Duncan, spoke at some length, referring to this time of peculiar interest as the coronation day of the departed saint. He gave clear testimony, also, as to her influence upon his own life, and his office of a Christian minister

as well; and many others added their words of loving appreciation of her value. But all gave grand words of testimony to the glory of the One Name.

These various services occupied the time so that it was near the sunset hour when we reached the cemetery; and, with Dr. Duncan at my side, we followed the pall-bearers, with their precious burden, to the open grave. It was a time of holy thought, but the bitterness of death was all taken away, and it almost seemed that angels had preceded us in that pathway and strewed it with imperishable flowers; but, later, the realization came that Jesus Himself had trodden the way before us, and left the perfume of sweet spices there. A prayer at the grave by my pastor, and the casket was lowered into its resting-place, there to remain until the beautiful morning of the Resurrection.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

"Softly within that peaceful resting-place
We lay the weary limbs; and bid the clay
Press lightly on them till the night be past,
And the far east gives note of coming day."

The following beautiful letter is from a friend who attended the funeral, and, as she refers to it

in the opening page, it seems most fitting to insert it here. It is dated,—

OXFORD, Aug. 15, 1833.

DEAR SISTER:—May I write to thee? Hardly a day has passed that I have not thought of thee since that sad—no, beautiful—"Coronation Day" of thy dear mother, when I went and sat with thee beside her, and listened to the grand words of testimony and love to her from the lips of her Lord's children.

Often since that day have I tried to picture to my heart the beautiful city within whose gates she hath entered. But how faint is my conception, when I doubt whether even her glorious faith, her close acquaintance with the Lord of the city, her long anticipations of the place, in any measure enabled her to realize all the beauty, the peace, the glory, and the gladness she now hath found there. I know that the words, "No more pain!" must have been ringing and singing through thy heart in the midst of all thy sorrow and loneliness. I know thee has the sure faith that makes thee remember in the midst of thy weeping, that the dear mother still lives and loves and waits for thee.

Ah! what need is there that I, so "newly born" into the hope and gladness and love of our Lord, should write to thee? What can I say, dear friend, save that I love thee, and in sorrow with thee have lived over again all the days of my own mother's going out from my life? To thee, "founded upon the Rock," no such disaster can come as came to me when my mother left me on a wide, wide sea, Christless and alone! No years of bitter rebellion and wandering will be thine, but just each night, after the day's

work for Christ, the sweetly solemn thought, "I'm nearer home to-day than ever I've been before." I pray for thee, dear, that He who is keeping thee will ever keep thee "in perfect peace."

Pardon me if this is an intrusion, and accept the love of thy sister in Christ and

Sincere friend, N. W. T.

* *
* * *

"I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

"Oh! friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the vale of tears,
And I wait to welcome you."

Some loving testimony from her friends to the memory of this dear mother will find a place here, also extracts from a few of the many letters received after her death. These expressions of sympathy were very cordial to the emptied, aching heart. Many of these letters contain also loving testimony to what the departed one had been to them. Of these letters there were one hundred and twenty-eight. Most of them were answered, and, though the recipient is very unworthy, she is very grateful

for such expressions of sympathy and love; and though these extracts are thus used without special permission from some of the writers — a number of such I could not consult—yet I feel quite sure they will not object to this use of their kind and beautiful words of sympathy and testimony.

The following obituary notices appeared in some of our secular papers. The first was clipped by a friend from a paper in a distant city and sent to me. It is a mere notice of her death, but, as it alludes to her life work of caring for the poor, it will be interesting:

The death of Mrs. Harriet Steer, of Cincinnati, in her eighty-eighth year, deserves a notice. She was a prominent minister of the Society of Friends, and for at least fifty years was a good angel to the poor. During most of that time it was her custom, every winter, to prepare a large boiler of soup on two days of the week. This she distributed gratuitously at her door to all whom she had visited and invited to call for it. Even as late as the last winter of her life she was at her self-appointed post, as in days gone by. While others, it may be, have been vainly warring over theological abstractions, this practical woman has been illustrating in her life the true spirit of the Christian religion."

The next is longer, and appeared in "Friends Review" and some of the daily papers:

Obituary.

At her residence in Cincinnati, on the 1st of 8th mo., 1883, Harriet Steer passed into her eternal rest.

She was born in 1795, and came into the Society of Friends by convincement. She was a person of great breadth of character, had strong and clear views of truth, and has literally been a succorer of many. Hers was a faith which was shown by work; her life was a living epistle, seen and read of all men; and yet she was a life-long sufferer, seldom knowing what it was to be free from pain. Sometimes those who loved her most wondered why it should be permitted that she should endure such constant suffering; but they were always quieted by her assured declaration that she had not one pain too much, for it must be that His children must fill up that which is behind of the affliction of Christ in their flesh, for His body's sake, which is the church.

Her constant theme was the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, and the covering of her spirit that of adoring gratitude. Deeply attached to the principles of the Society of Friends, she was firm and immovable in her interpretations of them; yet so was she clothed with fervent charity that every follower of the Lord Jesus was to her a brother, and in the sweetness of common union with Him she could most fully realize the blessedness of all barriers being taken away in Him, and that they together were fellow-citizens with the Saints and of the household of God, being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.

Her Quakerism was primitive Christianity revived, and Quakerism to her meant a distinct branch of the Christian church; not incompatible, in her estimation, with her broad charity; with a rigid conformity to manifested duty; and a very close and self-denying walk for herself and those professing as she did. She felt we, as a church, could not afford, under the plea of liberty of conscience, to allow any innovation which sapped our testimony in regard to the entire spirituality of the Gospel dispensation; and to her latest days she gave no uncertain interpretation of the truth, as she firmly held it.

She was a wonderful illustration of greenness in old age, bringing forth the fruit of the lips with much freshness and life, as in the earlier days of her consecration, and refreshing the Lord's heritage.

The illness which at last closed her earthly career was only of three weeks' duration, and her sufferings of so intense a character that she had to be kept under the influence of anodynes. Yet, during her lucid intervals, she was always the same—humble, thankful, patient. But death-bed utterances are not needed to assure her friends of her hope and of her faith. The epistle of a life of eighty-eight years is the legacy she has left.

The occasion of her funeral was a remarkable one. People who seldom meet on a common level were there knit together by a common bereavement;—high and low, rich and poor, met together, and the Lord was felt to be present. The Gospel was preached, and the rich consolations of our holy religion were spread as a feast; and while Christians of various denominations bore testimony of what she had been to them, it was to testify of the Gospel of the Grace of God, that made her what she was.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father in His throne."

The following sweet note, with accompanying testimonial from the monthly meeting of which she was a member, will show in a measure the estimation in which my mother was held by her friends there:

ASTON, 9, 26, 1883.

DEAR S:—I did not intend to let so long a time pass without expressing my deep sympathy with thee in thy loneliness. Our dear parents quickly followed one after the other to the eternal home; but while I still have a mother to care for and to watch over, thee can feel that only a little space separates thee from all thy dear ones. I cannot tell thee what thy precious mother has been to me, ever since I was a member of her family. I have no recollection of her before that time; and I am but one of the many she succored and nourished for the King.

I enclose the minute of our monthly meeting. We cannot say all that might be said of her life, and the spring of all her joy and peace. May her life incite us to greater diligence.

Thy attached and sympathizing friend,

A. A. W.

The "minute" reads as follows:

We to-day are called upon to record the death of our beloved aged friend, Harriet Steer. Long an approved minister of our meeting, the memory of her words of counsel and

encouragement, often uttered in our little gatherings, now alone remains with us.

Of her we may truly say that both in public and in private life she obeyed the Apostle,—"Hold fast that form of sound words which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." And again: "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."

Through many years of almost constant suffering her cheerfulness was unceasing, and by it she greatly adorned the religion she professed and lived. She was an earnest adherent of the testimonies of Friends, which she was always ready to advocate or explain to those who asked her views. She felt great interest in and love for the young, to each of whom, as well as to those more advanced in years, she showed a warm personal affection, as she gave the words suited to each,—encouragement to the timid, or strength to the weak; and taught all to look up, away from the trials of earth, to the loving Heavenly Father who "doeth all things well."

Rich and poor, old and young, feel they have lost a true friend; and our little meeting is sorely stripped, as one after another has been called away from works to rewards.

Taken from the Minutes of Cincinnati Monthly Meeting of Women Friends, held 8th mo. 16, 1883.

A. A. Warder, *Clerk.*

And the following is from another friend:

The memory of thy dear mother is very precious to me, as I always think of her as the one who, more than any other person in the world, helped me to see "Jesus as the one altogether lovely." I had been awakened long before,

and during my dear sister's illness had determined to trust in Him entirely; but the time did not come in my life when I was ready to give up all for Him, until thy mother taught me in a Sabbath-school class, with Rachel and Abbie Cameron, Henrietta Langstaff, and others; and I am not the only one she thus led into the Light.

In the first "meeting of ministers and elders" after thy mother's death, I rejoiced to hear the testimonies from one and another whom she had helped on in their efforts to become devoted followers of our "blessed Christ."

With love, I am, as ever, thy friend,

MUNCIE, Ind. M. H. G.

Another:

. . . And so thy dearest mother has heard the welcome call, "Come up higher." How fast they are gathering there,—those precious ones,—brightening heaven with their presence, "white in the blood of the Lamb." What a glorious exchange for her, from this life of pain and sorrow and darkness to the presence of the Son of God! So, my dear S., show forth Jesus and His dying love in a cheerful resignation to His will. Take up thy burden—no, lay it at Jesus's feet—and take up the song of victory, and rejoice in Him. May His rich blessing be thine. . . .

Lovingly thine, M. C. F.

Only a few days after the death of my dear mother came the following from a dear Christian friend residing in a distant state:

August 4, 1883.

DEAR SISTER:—The sad news came last night; but why should I say "sad"? For her, it is joyous, glorious;—but

my heart went out to you in loving sympathy, as I thought of the journey you must take alone for the rest of life's pilgrimage;—but then I remembered the holy dead, and that "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." I know you must rejoice to feel that the mother, whose life was so precious to you, has entered through the gates into the beautiful city; and could you draw aside the dimming veil that intervenes between you and that fair city, and behold the crown placed upon her dear brow by a Father's hand, and hear the welcome words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," you soon would bid your tearful eyes be dry, and your heart would throb with gladness as you were led to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

May He who walked upon the sea and bade the storm-tossed waves be still, speak in tender tones to the troubled waters of your soul, and bid you look to Him with perfect trust.

The remembrance of sympathizing words spoken to me when my heart lay at the Master's feet, a bruised and broken reed, prompted me at this time to send these few feeble words to you, feeling that kind words might fall upon your drooping heart like dew upon the parched ground. You have my sympathy and earnest prayers.

Yours in much love, C. N.

Cherry Creek.

I cannot withhold a letter from the dear one spoken of in mother's visit to Camden, N. J., in 1880, she who was so suddenly called away only a few short weeks or months ago. The fond friend-

ship which bound us all together was most close and sacred here, and to those two it is now cemented in glory. It is dated

"Sunset Haven," 8, 27, 1883.

My Precious Sister:—Could I put my arms around thee, and whisper to thee all or even a small part of the thoughts which have stirred my soul since learning of thy sore bereavement, I might hope to make thee comprehend, more fully than any written words can convey, how continually I have dwelt and wept with thee as the realization of thy loss and loneliness has pressed upon me; and how weeping has been exchanged for rejoicing, in that the precious saint has been gathered to her eternal home, "an heir of God and joint heir with Christ," basking in the Presence that even here was to her reality, now in the full fruition of all her hopes. Dear S., she seems not far away. Sometimes in visions I appear to have had granted me a sight of dear departed saints "walking in white," with presence ethereal, celestial, bright, real, beyond all power of delineation, "for they are worthy," and to the very border of the spirit-world I seem to have been with dear "Aunt Harriet," for whom I can only rejoice that sorrow, suffering, sickness, and even death itself, are conquered. But for thee, I do, dear sister, realize more and more the vacant chair, the desolation of the home bereft of so much brightness and cheer and true Christian joy. For thee, the most soothing and sustaining reflection must be, that He who "bore our griefs and carried our sorrows" is truly "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" that He never forsakes, but will be our loving Father at our side, even here, to the very end.

It was exceedingly kind and sweet in our dear M. G. H. to write me so promptly and fully of this sorrowful event, and I can hardly find words to convey my grateful thanks. Her letter is most graceful and touching,—complete in its effective detail of blended woe and gladness.

I seem to see thee in thy little home-nest, solitary and alone; yet not alone, for the presence of the blessed Holy Spirit seems to abide with thee, and to fill all the empty void. Be brave, dear sister;—

"Life's journey speedeth on!
Yet for a little while we walk in shade:
Anon by Death the cloud is all dispersed,
And o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day doth burst."

Thine in fullest sympathy and deepest love,
SISTER PHEBE.

As mentioned elsewhere in these pages, most of mother's dearest friends were absent from the city at the time of her death, it being the severest of the heated term when she was taken sick. The following letter, from a very dear friend, was received soon after the severe affliction:

MY DEAR FRIEND SARAH R. STEER:—Letters received to-day inform us that thy dear mother has fallen asleep in Christ. There are many who will claim her as a mother, so lovingly and tenderly have her ministrations of counsel and encouragement been given.

I well remember her words of advice to me when I was about twenty years of age, exhorting me to leave off some

of the gayeties of my pleasures; and as well remember her words of testimony as to her own personal religious experience at a time when my own was first finding form and establishment.

Her Christian character always seemed to me entirely natural,—a beautiful harmony between life's duties, and the reign of love in those duties.

It will ever be a solace to thee to find, as life continues, how such a life, made beautiful in its resemblance to that of her Saviour, conquers time, and will be cherished as a strong argument to the reality of a Christian faith.

Accept renewed assurances of my esteem, a sincere message of hearty sympathy from my wife and myself and the various members of my household, and believe me very sincerely

Thy friend,

NEWPORT, 8, 6, 1883. MURRAY SHIPLEY.

One who long had a home under her roof, and who knew her manner of life for many years, thus writes:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I mourn with and for thee; but how can we who have known dear "Aunt Harriet" but feel that she, having faithfully done her whole duty, perfected her Christian character, "fought the good fight of faith," and set for all who knew her the beautiful example of patience and cheerfulness under trial, and entire consecration to her Lord, has been taken from suffering to be forever with the loved ones gone before, and to realize the delights of that heaven whose light has irradiated her loved and happy face these many years.

Thee knows that if the spirits of our loved ones gone before are allowed to revisit earth, hers is bending over thee now, whispering "Peace, be still," while she sees that to her beloved child this burden of sorrow brings a blessing of preparation for a reunion. Thee must try to forget thy grief, as thee is filled with rejoicing as thee realizes the happiness and glory of thy dearly loved mother.

May grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, is the heartfelt prayer of

Thy sincere friend, O. N. S.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4, 1883.

MY DEAR S.: — When the tidings came of thy dear mother's death, I could not write, and now I want to express my deep sympathy, and say how truly rejoiced I am that we had the privilege of being with her even that one short day in Cincinnati,—we enjoyed the blessed mother so much. She was so bright, and so much like herself as in the years past when I was a member of her pleasant home. I could not, in looking at her, or in the remembrance of her since, realize so many years had passed since that happy time. I cannot bear to think of thee without her, and at the same time I feel how thankful thee must ever be that thee was spared to minister to her last needs, and that she had thy loving presence to the last, . . . but such as she never die.

"She cannot die: lovely and pure and sweet,
She rises in our daily paths our sorrowing hearts to greet."

Her whole life was one perpetual benediction. . . .

God bless and keep thee, dear S., and comfort thee in this hour of thy deep sorrow.

Ever thine sincerely, L. H. S.

New Bedford, Aug. 27, 1883.

Concord, N. H., May 4th, 1887.

My Very Dear Friend:—Alone with myself to-night, my thoughts have travelled back into the vanished years, to the delightful home of "Aunt Harriet" and her daughter Sarah. It was twenty-five years ago that they kindly took *us* in—strangers in a strange city—father, mother, and a baby boy. It was when all this broad land was trembling beneath the tramp of mighty armies, and the national pulse everywhere was at fever-beat. How peaceful it was, though, in our Quaker home! and how cool and refreshing the sweet influences that pervaded it! No lack of interest there in the stirring events that were piling up history in deathless monuments; but a calm and unwavering faith in the justice of the God of battles—no matter how adverse and bitter the tidings from day to day—kept the currents of the daily life of that little family clear and sweet. It is most pleasant to think of "Aunt Harriet" in those trying days. She was the mental balance-wheel that kept the whole family machinery steadily revolving, and her faith and hope and trust were always a substantial support to the weak and desponding.

Some of the pleasantest pictures in my Cincinnati gallery are connected with the home of "Aunt Harriet." Her fine "presence" as she moved about her house; the dignity, garnished with a geniality that was never absent from her

face and speech, with which she presided at her table—unconsciously the absolute queen of a realm of loving subjects; the pleasant words that were never wanting at the proper time; the intense interest shown, in face and voice and gesture, in the literary and social exercises of the "Once-a-Week" (where are all those lovely people now?) which occasionally met within her hospitable doors,—are all pictures whose colors will never grow dim until the eyes that looked upon them in love shall have faded into the cold, dull gray of death.

Another beautiful picture hangs on these same dusty walls—the charming companionship and whole-souled comradeship of mother and daughter, more like an elder and a younger sister than anything else. Almost always together, except when the daily business of life necessarily separated them, they seemed to be walking hand in hand over the varying rough and smooth places of life, supporting each other with mutual love and helpfulness. I rarely think of one without thinking of the other; and when, a few years ago, the twain were induced to spend a week at our home among the New Hampshire hills, it was a never to be forgotten pleasure to their hosts.

And now, my dear friend, I can scarcely think of thee as walking life's path alone; for somehow I seem to see, ever beside thee, the form of thy mother. Thou art not supporting her, as in the old days was thy wont, but she, instead, seems to be helping thee. Her form is more ethereal than of yore; it has lost its aspect of pain; its elements are pure heavenly; and the face is illumined with unearthly beauty. On the other side of thee walks Another—One who has been thy Friend and Companion for many years;—and

between them thy step is firm and thy heart is light. It is an earthly-heavenly picture—a combination from no human artist's brush—one to be treasured until all that is earthly fades into the glories of life eternal.

Sincerely thine,

E. A. J.

CINCINNATI, June 24, 1887.

MY DEAR MISS STEER: — The time I spent in your mother's family was a very uneventful season for the members of the household. The departure of a husband and wife to set up housekeeping for themselves; the coming of another couple to take the room they had vacated; the purchase of a new carpet; a Christmas—and, by the way, the only really happy Christmas I have ever seen celebrated outside of a strictly family circle,—these were about as momentous events as occurred during my stay. The house was full. I had to lodge outside and come in for my meals, and had but little opportunity to see your mother, except at the table, where she always presided, and knew how to infuse cheerfulness and social feeling into every one; and occasionally of an evening, or on first day afternoons, she would spend some hours in the parlor in general conversation.

My family and intimate friends, who know how often I talk of your mother's house, would naturally think that I must have much to write about her. In fact, I thought so myself till I began to try to order my recollections, so as to put them on paper, and then I found that I could give nothing of what might properly be called her history; that I

could not even tell an anecdote about her; that it was, in fact, the absence of all "feverish ways," of all "strain and stress," of all that goes to make up history, that made that Quaker home attractive to me. And that still lingers with me as a beautiful mountain scene,—a painting we saw years ago,—or a strain of melody that we heard, perhaps, on our mother's knee, haunts the memory.

I became aware—I know not how—that Friend Steer was very charitable, that many poor persons depended upon her, and that she ordered her household well.

It was the quiet calm of an unwavering faith with which she was ever ready to utter her religious convictions that first opened to my mind the—may I use the word in this connection?—beauties of the Friends' creed, and that to a great extent influenced my views of the great questions of the life that now is and of that which is to come; that has helped me through all these years, with God's help, to bear with those who trespassed against me amidst all the strife, the bitter experiences, that life brings—the betrayals of confidence, that make one lose confidence in one's fellow-men—not to lose faith and trust and hope. I do not say that I did as well as she did, nor as well as I should have done, but that it is due to a kind Providence, which brought me under her influence, that I did no worse. If your mother's bright example and her ways of pleasantness have shed as much light on other lives as they have on mine, many shall call her blessed—as I do.

Yours, truly,

FRED'K W. BOYE.

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* * *

"'She waits for me.' I said it in my weeping,
For nevermore she cometh o'er the sea.
She waits for me! a glorious vigil keeping
Beyond the stars,—she waiteth there for me.
And now I walk awhile
Beneath the palm-trees lonely,
And learn once more to smile,
For she hath gladness only.
Beside the Crystal Sea,
Until the shadows flee,
She waits for me."

Since mother's death two of her own family have gone to join her "over there,"—her only remaining brother, Samuel, and a nephew, the oldest son of her brother Gibbons.

"'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,—
How grows in Paradise our store."

—*Keble.*

"Those who live in the Lord never see each other for the last time."

She and I.

I said, "She is dead." I could not brook
Again on that marvellous face to look!

But they took my hand, and they led me in,
And left me with her of my dearest kin.

And I could not speak, and I could not stir,
But I stood, and with love I gazed on her:

With love, and rapture, and strange surprise
I looked on the lips and the close shut eyes;

On the perfect rest and the calm content
And the peace that were in her features blent,

And the thin, white hands that had wrought so much,
Now nerveless to kisses or fevered touch—

My beautiful dead, who had left the strife,
The pain, and the grieving that we call life;

Who had never faltered beneath her cross,
Nor murmured when loss followed swift on loss.

And the smile that sweetened her face alway
Lay light on her blessed mouth that day.

I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
And I wept,—but I could not make her—dead.

I felt, with a feeling too deep for speech,
She could teach me only what angels teach,

And down to her lips I leaned my ear,
Lest there might be something I could not hear.

Then out of the silence between us stole
A message from her to my inmost soul:

"Why weep you to-day, who have wept before
That the road was rough I must journey o'er?

"Why weep you, whose tears have been used to fall
That I could not gather earth's sweetness all?

"Why mourn that you come, and I greet you not?
Now anguish and sorrow are both forgot.

"Behold! all my life I have longed for rest,
Yea, e'en when I held you against my breast,—

"And now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing, you sigh and weep.

"My dearest, I know that you would not break,
If you could, my slumber, and have me wake,—

"For though what is past I can love and bless,
Till now I have never known happiness."

So I dried my tears, and with noiseless tread
I left my mother—my beautiful dead!

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* * *

My Own Testimony.

The life my mother lived was to me the most impressive sermon. A living gospel written in my heart is she. A faith so unfaltering; a trust so calm and firm; such sweet humility, yet holy fear, in the cause nearest and dearest to her heart; her social value and endearments,—how beautiful to contemplate! I can truly say it is my daily delight to dwell upon her character, as I daily mourn my loss and rejoice in her fulness of bliss. This sorrow and rejoicing, with the wish to grow more and more like her, I desire to lose only in the reunion with those that keep the "commandments of God and the faith of Jesus," where the song of victory is ever heard.

"Forever with the Lord!
Amen. So let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word—
'T is Immortality."

* * * * * *

"The Land Beyond the Sea."

"The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams:
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

"The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes, distinct and near,
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere:
We seem half way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

"The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a draw-bridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

"The Land beyond the Sea!
Oh! how the lapsing years,

Mid our not unsubmissive tears,
Have borne—now singly, now in fleets—the biers
Of those we love to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

"The Land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

"The Land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

"The Land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear Land, look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

"The Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest;
But sweeter far that Father's breast,
Upon thy shores eternally possessed,
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!"

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the Throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His Temple: and He that sitteth on the Throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

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